Sign our Free War Insurance Coupon on page iii of Cover.

174851

JOHN BULL

Vol. XX. No. 530. SATURDAY. JULY 29. 1916 ONE PENNY

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

A For meaning of this number see page 14.

Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: nought shall make us rue,
If Britain to itself do rest but true.

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

A genuine article, soft and ready for use.

Two Gold Medals awarded.

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DAINTY BISCUITS
for PET DOGS and PUPPIES.
Sample and Booklet free from
THE OLD CALABAR BISCUIT CO., Liverpool, Eng.

Every SOLDIER and SAILOR
And all who wear a Wrist Watch need the

T.S.
THE TIME SAVING
WRIST WATCH PROTECTOR

If you wear a wrist watch you need the T.S. protector. It saves the watch from all risk of injury; protects the face from being smashed. The T.S. makes a wrist watch into a miniature Hunter, improves appearance, and gives completeness. Clasps over the face of the watch ONLY—(does not encompass it).

The easiest to attach and detach—ten seconds. Opens by an up movement of the thumb; closes automatically by spring action

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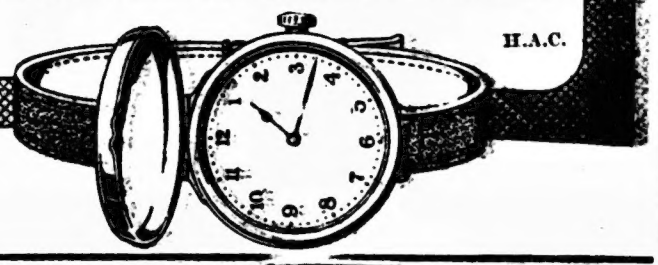

KILL THAT INSECT, TOMMY.
Send your pals "out yonder" some tins of
HARRISON'S KURSERY POMADE
—they'll be very acceptable. When you haven't time to wash there's a big chance you'll have "companions." A little HARRISON'S POMADE KILLS EVERY INSECT on hair and body. Insist on having HARRISON'S POMADE. "Tins of comfort," at 4½d. and 9d. Sold by all Chemists—or by post from HARRISON, Chemist, Reading.

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50 " " " " £2
Terms Cash with Order.
Any Colonial Badge made to sample in a few days. Miniatures of most Colonial regiments in stock. Write stating your requirements to:—**THE EMPIRE BADGE CO., Empire Buildings, Gt. Charles St., BIRMINGHAM.**

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BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES
Tins 1d. 3d. 6d. 1/-

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Keep you dry always. Man's 8/6, Children's 7/6, Sou'westers, 1/6, Long Leggings, 1/9. Guaranteed against stickiness, leakage or dissatisfaction on money-back methods. **Illustrated List Post Free** Send Post-card now for this Art Booklet of "Weather Comfort," to BARBOUR'S, Ltd., 67, BEACON BUILDINGS, SOUTH SHIELDS

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Chocoloids REGD.
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Strong enough to cure the most chronic case, but not too drastic for the weakest constitution. In handy metal case for vest pocket. Send P.O. 2/6 now for full treatment. The CHOCOLOID CO., Stirchley Laboratories (Dept. 33), Birmingham.
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JOHN PIGGOTT'S
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The "J.P." CYCLE,
Sale Price, £3 15s. 0d.
LADY'S MODEL, £4 5s. 0d.
Free, London. Cash with order.

The "Victa" Rear Lamp. With side light to illuminate the rear numbers. Usual Price 5/0. Sale Price **4/11** Post 4d.

The "J.P." 3,000 Mile Motor Cycle Cover. Your tyre account: **10** miles for **1d.** Sale Price **25/-** *Send for Free Section.*

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The "J. P." Lightweight Tent is a necessity during the present unsettled weather. Made from swallow-wing yacht canvas, with ground sheet sewn on. Thoroughly waterproof. Jointed poles. Weight about 4½ lbs.; size 6 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. by 3 ft. 6 ins. high.
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BLACK or TAN LEATHER,
Usual Price .. 5/3
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Usual Price .. 7/11
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Strafe the Insects!

Absolutely Exterminates
. . . Kills outright and not merely stupefies for the time being . . . That's what I.K. does.
Deals sudden death to disease-carrying, obnoxious insect pests, such as fleas, beetles, lice, wood vermin, etc. Get a tin of Hawley's I.K. at once, and you'll quickly get rid of them. Hawley's is a new discovery, containing vegetable alkaloids, and is invaluable to Soldiers in training, Munition Workers, and others as a preventive against disease.
I.K. is scientifically prepared, easy to use, sweet-smelling fine powder, put up in handy sprinkler tins. Get a tin to-day. Sprinkle it in chinks and crannies, and in the morning the pests are ready for the brush, shovel and dust-bin. *From Chemists, etc., everywhere.*
Manufactured by—
Evans, Sons, Lescher & Webb, Ltd., London and Liverpool.
Hawley's I.K. Insect Killer.

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Write for Patterns of Suits, Costumes, Blouse-Robes, or Raincoats; or Catalogue of Ladies' and Children's Wear, Footwear, Gramophones and Records, Sheffield Cutlery and Tools, Cycles, Tyres, Workers' Clothing, Household Drapery, etc. J. G. GRAVES LTD., SHEFFIELD.
ON EASY TERMS.

JOHN BULL

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XX. No. 530. Week ending Saturday, July 29th, 1916. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.]

The New Party.

Watch the growth of the new Unionist "Party." Mr. Bonar Law may well be anxious.

What a Reward!

General Townshend, after the most gallant defence against famine and bad management, surrendered to the Turks. As a reward, he and his splendid officers have been put on half-pay!

"Peace will be Sudden."

Did you notice that phrase in the letter of Sir Douglas Haig to the workers—"a *speedy* and complete victory"?

A General *Se*-lection.

More Select Committees—that is the Government alternative to a General Election. But anything rather than the poison of politics in the Trenches, just now.

Postponed Thanks.

The Jutland affair was a great British victory. Yet the Government refuse to propose a resolution of thanks to Jellicoe and Co. Why?

The Pro-German Press.

Be on your guard! The Press which was Pro-German before the war is at its old games. "Don't humiliate Germany!" is to be the cry. No, we mustn't "humiliate" the Hun—we must crush him.

Hurry Up!

We delayed for months providing our fighting men with steel helmets, and so sacrificed thousands of lives. And if the Government hesitate much longer the war will be over before that body-armour is ready.

Traitor Princes.

So the Government cannot find time to take the G.C.V.O. and G.C.B. from that renegade Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, who is fighting against us. It is time the country expressed very definitely its opinion on the subject.

Another Broken Pledge.

If old age pensioners try to live on their 5s. a week they go to the workhouse. If they work as farm labourers and forget to tell the pension authorities they are making a shilling or two more, they are fined at the police court. Yet the Government promised that no action would be taken against pensioners who helped to overcome the shortage of labour!

Workers' Pensions.

What was 5s. before the war is only 3s. 4d. in actual buying capacity to-day. Not a big sum for a veteran of the industrial army, is it?

"Too Much Bottomley."

The *Highland Times* is of opinion that "we are having too much of Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Hughes." Well, Mr. Hughes has gone.

"Pensions and Pittances."

Already the best results have followed our recent article. Several correspondents tell us that they have now had their Pittances turned into Pensions.

A Word with the L. & N. W. R.

Will the directors consider the propriety of renaming their turbine steamer, *Duke of Cumberland*, and their twin-screw steamer, *Duke of Albany?* A British submarine might be almost excused for treating them as enemy ships!

"A Trade Names Act."

This was the title of our article not long ago, in which we urged that all firms that changed from German names to English should be compelled to disclose the fact. A Bill has now been introduced into Parliament to carry out our idea. And it should become law!

No Record!

There is still much talk of waste at home. What is to be said of the War Office, which paid a farmer by cheque £200 for his hay, and when he requested the authorities to take it away, bullied him and told him that it had never been bought? The *War Office had no record of the transaction!*

Why?

An Order has been made by the Board of Trade revoking the Order of April 27th for the winding-up of the business of Phonotas, Ltd., of High Holborn, London. Why?

Again, Why?

Prince Louis of Battenburg resigned the position of First Sea Lord after the war had begun, because public feeling was against a German Prince being at the head of the British Navy. His son, Prince Louis Francis, has just been appointed a midshipman on the *Australia!*

Ireland.

All is not well with Ireland. The Sinn Feiners are far from finished. Come, Lloyd George—haven't you left *your* job uncompleted?

"Grave Military Scandal."

Now that so much attention has been called to the serious facts we published last week, the Government must order a full inquiry in India. We repeat, who is to hang?

A Luxury within Everybody's Reach—the "John Bull" Pen.

To be Continued.

Now that the Censor has permitted the newspapers to tell the story of the capture of *one* German submarine, perhaps we shall be allowed to read about the others. It would make a good serial story.

Following Suit.

The Court of Common Council of the City of London has passed a resolution in favour of compelling all firms or individuals trading in the City to indicate both upon their premises and business documents the names of the actual proprietors. To this we would add—their German names as well as their British aliases.

Büchner Again.

With all reserve we lately accepted the official intimation that Her E. Büchner, the Viceroy of India's German Bandmaster, had retired from his office "upon grounds of ill-health." Now, hard upon this plausible announcement, comes the report that Herr Büchner—swiftly recovered from his indisposition—has been appointed to a similar post upon the staff of a distinguished native prince—with the approval of the Governor-General! Is Lord Chelmsford as indifferent to loyal Indian sentiment in this matter as his predecessor was shown to be?

Farm Wages.

At Leamington Tribunal light was shed upon the attitude adopted by some farmers when offered the help of soldiers. A Councillor asked, as though bewildered, "Is it understood that it is necessary to pay these men?" The military representative interpolated, "That is the trouble; they won't pay." And the Board of Agriculture representative explained, "You have to pay them 4s. a day, wet or fine." There, you see, is the root of the matter. Farmers would sooner keep their own labourers at home, for their wages are not nearly so much as that, nor is a day-labourer paid on a wet day when it is impossible for him to work. But when we assert that some farmers pay very little, we do not infer that all farmers can easily pay more

"Vos you Dare, Eh?"

What could be more characteristic of the muddleheadedness of the Government in respect of alien enemies in this country than the latest notice of the Home Office Commissioners? Having graciously permitted a number of Germhuns, Austrihuns and other alien enemies to remain at large in prohibited areas on permit, they now invite applications "from Local Authorities or members of the public who wish to draw attention to particular cases in which permits have been issued for any such area." In the name of all that is safe and sane, why should the Government allow alien enemies to be in prohibited areas at all? The whole country ought to be a prohibited area. The only unprohibited areas for the breed of the Huns in it ought to be internment camps.

Mistaken Kindness.

Poor Daniel Fynes, ex-soldier and-strict teetotaler, of East Sheen, will be wary next time he meditates helping other soldiers to a bottle of ale. They were two men in hospital uniform, so Daniel should have known better—as he will in future—and, when one put up the money for the bottle, Daniel bought it, and took it to them on Barnes Common, where the little spread under a furze-bush was pounced upon by the police. So the Chairman of the Magistrates was able to tell Daniel, "who had fought and bled for his country," that he was "to be made an example of," and must pay a fine of 10s. Drink must not be supplied to a hospital patient, a rule of which Daniel Fynes was ignorant. His knowledge is enlarged, at a cost which surely might have been less.

Cannibalism?

That unsavoury subject of Germhuny's treatment of corpses crops up again in a letter from a City man, who tells us, on the "very reliable authority" of a friend just returned from Holland, that "the bodies in bundles of five are taken to Achen, and there boiled down, the fat and oils thus obtained being made use of in many ways." We hate to believe the thing, even of the Germhuns.

No Income Tax Here.

"Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd.," runs an advertisement in one of the papers. ". . . . Sales £1,250,000 per ann. Over £800,000 dividend already returned to purchasers." "Returned to purchasers" is good. Think of a limited liability concern running a business in order to return to its members money they have overpaid in their purchases! It is really about time for Mr. McKenna, Collector of Taxes, to get out of co-ops. whatever he axes.

That Precious Petition.

If all we hear about that "Memorial for Prohibition during the War" is true, it will, when complete, be as valueless as it is impudent. For the canvassers, principally females of uncertain—or quite certain—age, are carefully careless as to the signatures. There is a decided reluctance to endeavour to obtain men's signatures, but women and girls are urged to sign, because they can know little of the subject, while children as young as 7 years are quite welcome to put their pen to the paper. Even Council schools are supplied with copies, and the youngsters in class are instructed to sign. In these ways many signatures may ultimately be obtained, but the number, whatever it may be, will prove nothing—except that the "Memorial" is a meddlesome cheat.

That Luncheon Hour.

Industrial trouble is sometimes caused by foolishness on the part of the masters, sometimes on the part of the men. Here is a case where both seem to blame: At a certain shipyard up by Birkenhead, the masters wanted to rearrange the dinner hour so that all hands should dine from 12 to 1. A great number, whose hour had been from 1 to 2, kicked at the re-arrangement, and stolidly worked on till 1, when they knocked off for their refection. When they returned at 2 o'clock, they found themselves locked out; next day saw the farce repeated. Up to the time of writing about 30,000 working hours have been wasted in this disgraceful way, simply because masters and men cannot agree mutually upon the hour for bread-and-cheese. As a sample of stupidity it is calamitous.

Story with a Moral.

When the war was young, soldiers were billeted in the Cathedral City of Wells, and cranks and busybodies at once clamoured for the closing of the public-houses. Alderman Wheeler, the Mayor, promptly disagreed, and refused to consider any early closing Order or any restriction of supply to soldiers. He preferred to trust the men. He was abundantly justified, for the Magistrates found themselves with no work to do; as the Mayor says, "A record was created, inasmuch as they had two maiden Petty Sessions, a record never known in the history of the city. As JOHN BULL had said, it was perhaps through the soldiers being there that they had those maiden sessions." Our remark was made in an Open Letter of compliment to the Mayor, in May, 1915, and now Mr. Mayor has received the fine present of his own portrait, subscribed for by the soldiers to whom he was so good a friend. It is an unexpected proof of how keenly Tommy appreciates being treated as a gentleman, and how worthy he is of such regard.

Be sure to Sign our Insurance Coupon on page iii of cover

Information Received.

"Dear Sir,—On Saturday, 8th July inst., 141 tons of bacon were removed from the Dock Quay, Liverpool, to destructor, rotten—allowed to go bad sooner than let it be sold at a cheaper price." Perhaps the Food Inquiry Committee will make haste with the facts about this scandal. The longer they are about their work, the more the meat rings will plunder the public—for until they report, the Government will continue to allow the public to be plundered.

The Daylight Slaving Act.

It is outrageous to hear that in some parts of London the only advantage of the new Act has been to the shopkeepers, who rob their assistants of the extra hour of daylight. "In a certain district not far from Plaistow," for instance, as our informant puts it, "shops are closing at 9 p.m. instead of at 8 p.m. as previous to the Act." The House of Commons ostensibly passed this measure for the advantage of traders and workers alike. If it is to be exploited by unscrupulous employers, it will pretty soon come to grief as a delusion and a fraud.

Enemy Monks.

More than once we have drawn attention to the danger arising from the presence of enemy aliens among the monks of Buckfast Abbey, and we are glad to notice that the Buckfastleigh District Council are petitioning the Home Office for an inquiry into the whole circumstances of this disgusting case. Emphasis is laid upon the fact that there is no proper censorship of postal communication with the Abbey—while some of the inmates, including enemy aliens, are permitted to leave the precincts for work upon the land, and there is free access to the monastic premises on the part of the general public.

A Pavement Artist.

A one-legged man, Nelson Heage, started to draw crayon pictures, as a pavement artist, in a Sunderland street, and was required by the police to "move on." He refused, was locked up, and was sent to gaol for 14 days' hard labour. Our interest in the case arises because it is suggested to us that Nelson Heage's leg was lost in the Boer War. If that is the case, we cannot imagine why so severe a sentence was passed for so simple an offence. We hate to think of any soldier, old or new, meeting with injustice.

The Sting of It.

A little story told by the Glasgow *Evening News* contains a compliment that makes us blush. For it tells how a Dreghorn man found a hornets' nest, and took it into his office, and it proceeds: "The wily insects adapted newspaper to their needs. Appropriately for hornets, they had chosen a page from JOHN BULL." "Appropriately for hornets," indeed! What is there in these soft, persuasive pages of ours wherewith to furnish stings, or sting-food, for hornets? Surely what we provide is honey for bees. Alas, that our efforts should be so misconstrued by Scottish journalists—and hornets!

Thrift and Bunkum.

Evidently Alderman A. D. Dawnay, Mayor of Wandsworth, is another gentleman anxious to bilk the kiddies of their annual Sunday School treats, in the interests of war economy and national self-sacrifice. Applied to for a subscription towards a Primitive Methodist Sunday School outing, his Worship wrote: "The Mayor regrets that he cannot contribute to the collecting book, and he thinks it would be more patriotic to put the money proposed to be expended in Exchequer Bonds." The Mayor of Wandsworth ought to be able to do considerable Exchequer Bonding himself if he answers many appeals for subscriptions in this way during his year of office.

Mystery Cleared Up.

The mystery we wrote about was the identity of the ship that brought all the officers and men of the *Warrior* safe into port. Sir William Forwood claimed the honour for the *Campania*; on behalf of the crew of the *Warrior* (who wrote to us of their deep thankfulness for the kindness of their rescuers) we suggested that the ship was really the *Engadine*, a seaplane-carrier. Sir William has since admitted that he was misinformed, and the *Engadine* may now wear her laurels unchallenged. So the light of truth once again dissipates the mist of mystery.

Fishermen's Future.

Many Tribunals have granted time to business men to clear up their affairs, hoping so to obviate the ruin consequent upon an immediate call. Fishermen note these facts, and so they are led to lay their own case before us. At the first call they volunteered, leaving all their fishing gear to spoil through non-use. The work of these gallant men in mine-sweepers, patrol boats and net-drifters has been beyond all praise; its value is incalculable. When they return to their own calling and find their fishing gear spoiled and useless, the nation, already deeply in their debt, must see to it that their patriotism shall not spell their ruin.

The Sinful Cinema.

Great discoveries are made by great minds; they think great thoughts that would never occur to the common herd. Consider Councillor Smellie, of Dudley, and the hugeness of his insight when he told the Town Council that stone-throwing by juveniles in the borough was becoming very serious, and that this stone-throwing, equally with other children's offences, was due to the films shown at picture palaces. We do not remember many movies devoted to the sport, or art, of pebble slinging, but we must assume Mr. Smellie knew what he was talking about—if nobody else did. But, somehow, we had an idea that little boys, and eke little girls, used to throw stones long, long before the cinema was invented.

"Tribunal Curios."

Our reference to Stockbridge brings an assurance from a local reader that he does not know of any case where exemption has been refused by that Tribunal; he says the Military Service Act does not appear to apply to the district; "if you wish to go, you go, if you don't wish to go, you have only to appeal to the Tribunal"! A letter also reaches us from Westhoughton, where the Chairman claimed exemption and received it conditionally. He tells us he is 40, married, with one child; is an auctioneer, with his partner and two men in the Army, on whose behalf he makes weekly payments. He is managing a cinema without fee because his manager has gone, and is doing important work on Housing, Sanitary, and Health Committees. We think he makes his case good.

Parsons' Rest.

To appreciate how hard-working are some of our clergy, we have but to consult the various Parish Magazines—for they give the game away so artlessly. Here is the latest news from Hopesay:—"The Rector expects to be away on his holiday from July 17th to August 11th." The good man, you see, must indulge in his annual mike, though the heavens fall. "His place will be taken by the Rev. P. E. Hollis, one of the Curates of Okehampton, Devon, who will be in residence at the Rectory. He, too, will be on his holiday, and will not want to do more work than is absolutely necessary, but he will be responsible for the Sunday services, and will attend any urgent case of sickness, should any such arise." Two services on Sunday will not break the back of Holiday Hollis, but if any parishioner dares to become ill, it will be shockingly bad taste.

Send your Soldier Hero a "John Bull" Pen.

Unco Naughty.

Scotland is the land of the Unco Guid; but there is at least one who dwelleth there of the tribe of the Unco Naughty—to wit, Provost Sandison, of Wick. In the course of a discussion on the decreasing local birth-rate, the Provost is reported to have said that "If the bachelors did their duty, it would not be so low." He ought to be brought before the Presbytery as a rabid exponent of unorthodox morals.

Falling Values.

An object-lesson in the depreciation of property reaches us from Glasgow. Twelve years ago a lady received from Dame Fortune the comforting gift of a block of houses, bringing her an annuity of £200. Before the war, heavy rates and taxes reduced the value of the property by about 50 per cent.; and now the latest half-year's rental is but £33, "owing principally to heavy Imperial taxation." We all have to bear our share of the burden, but this lady's experience seems to show that holders of house property are hit harder than most.

"Meat for All."

In connection with the proposal to raise the embargo on the importation of cattle from Canada, further information is desired as to why the step should not be extended to Dutch and Danish cattle. In other years thousands of animals arrived at Harwich and were sold to graziers of Norfolk, Suffolk and Essex, counties where the meadows are sadly barren of animal life. It is for the Board of Agriculture to consider whether the policy indicated would not remove much of the present distress.

The Children's Lessons.

Certain schools at Camberwell are giving children only half-day lessons, because other schools have been taken for military hospitals. An arrangement of the kind could never be objected to when made as a sudden necessary expedient, but management in Camberwell must be bad when no way out has been found in twelve months. Is there no temporary building for the children's lessons? Why not utilise the swimming baths, which are empty and advertised as "To Let"?

A Southend Shepherd.

Brooding above the Borough of Southend is the Spirit of Rumour. Good people are looking grave; people perhaps not quite so good are looking inquisitive. For there is trouble of some sort connected with the Southend and Westcliff Town Mission, and its pastor, Mr. Cuthbert Shepherd, shepherd of the flock, has been called upon to resign, and notice has been publicly given that he is no longer authorised to receive subscriptions or any other moneys on behalf of the Mission aforesaid. If people are asking what it all means, the Trustees of the Mission have only themselves to blame; they have taken a very severe step without explaining it, and some light should be shed upon the subject.

Derelict Mines.

Coming across the beautiful blue North Sea, a steamship spotted a floating mine, diagnosed to be British. Not wishing to leave so perilous a thing in the track of other vessels, the men on board tried to explode it. Two hundred rounds of rifle fire were ineffective, so a boat was lowered and the mine connected with the ship by a rope, but they could not even tow it, and were obliged to leave it there, a floating death-trap—just because they have no instructions from the Admiralty as to how the thing may be exploded.

"For Promoting Christian Knowledge."

A leaflet, entitled "Talks on the National Mission," is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. It takes the form of a dialogue between "A, a Church of England parson, and B, one of his parishioners." The following is an extract: "... B: Then I suppose they are all right in the Church, are they? Did you read that bit in JOHN BULL last week about a parson?—A: No, I didn't; but I know much worse things about parsons than JOHN BULL does." Frankly, we are sorry to hear it; but we will return the compliment and say that we also know much better things about parsons than A does.

Hard Lines.

Ordered to travel by motor-car with an urgent military message, Corporal Scargill, a Canadian trooper, thought it advisable to hurry, which in the circumstances was not an unreasonable course. However, there was a policeman in the offing, and at the Feltham Magistrates' Court the Corporal was subsequently fined £5 for "furious driving," the plea of "urgency" availing him not a jot. Obviously the public have a right to protection, even from military motor-cars in a hurry; but, in the circumstances, we confess to a good deal of sympathy with the soldier, who was anxious only to discharge his duty with all possible dispatch. Surely a reasonable arrangement might be come to between the police and military authorities for the adjustment of such cases, without resort to police-court proceedings.

Enemy Patents.

Following our reference to a patent applied for by Germans, of Hamburg, and accepted by the Patent Office in March last, we have particulars of about thirty other enemy patents applied for in the electrical engineering profession during the last few months, while at least nine in textile manufacturing have been asked for by Germans. On the other hand comes the comforting assurance that "acceptance" by the Patent Office of a German application does not necessarily mean that the patent is, or will be, granted. It is "accepted," and the specifications are printed, for the guidance of interested persons who might wish to oppose the grant. But no patent is to be actually granted to an enemy inventor until after the war. Technically it is "accepted"; in practice, it "lies on the table"—where we are quite pleased to leave it.

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"WESTERN MAIL" (advertisement):—
"Great Charity Sale. . . . The proceeds of the Sale will be devoted to SUPPLYING CLOTHING AND COMFORTS TO THE AUCTIONEERS' OFFICES, ——— ———, CARDIFF."

"FOLKESTONE, HYTHE, SANDGATE, AND CHERITON HERALD" (advertisement):—
"Daily employment wanted by a YOUNG GENTLEMAN, age 22, as USEFUL COMPANION to a lady, not a boarding house."

"STAR":—
"The TWO days and nights BETWEEN July 11 and July 12 were mainly spent . . . in bombarding these formidable positions."

"CORK EXAMINER" (advertisement):—
"The Café. . . . Dinners, Tea and Coffee, Milk, Minerals, etc. Price 1s. 1½d. (56 PILLS) and 2s. 9d. (158 PILLS)."

"YORKSHIRE EVENING POST" (advertisement):—
"To Let, House and Shop . . . well adapted to any business; very good LOVING ACCOMMODATION."

"IRISH DAILY TELEGRAPH" (report of accident):—
"The BICYCLE was smashed into MATCHWOOD."

"WELLINGTON JOURNAL AND SHREWSBURY NEWS":—
"——— ——— (is suffering) from bruises, etc., sustained by a CART DRIVEN BY A RUNAWAY HORSE passing over him."

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To the Right Hon. Reginald McKenna, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR CHANCELLOR,—It may interest you to know that I am in entire agreement with the powerful deputation that recently waited upon you, that "the cost of providing pensions and money for training disabled men under the Pensions Act should be a national burden, and not a matter for local and private charity." I venture to state that this is the well-nigh unanimous sentiment of the public, and I am sorry you were not able to give it complete recognition—although the further Treasury grant of £6,000,000 now promised represents a considerable advance upon earlier arrangements. To men who have risked all in their country's service it is our duty and privilege to be not only just, but generous.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Earl Cromer.

MY LORD,—Although I am not one of those who believe that it is in all circumstances improper to speak ill of the dead, I think your attempt to saddle the late Lord Kitchener with the chief responsibility for the lack of humane organisation for our fighting forces in Mesopotamia was wholly unworthy. Putting aside all considerations of good taste, to say that the military reform carried out by Lord Kitchener when he was Commander-in-Chief in India "contributed" to the shameful neglect of our wounded soldiers is a travesty of the truth. I suppose you will soon discover that he was responsible for the surrender of the gallant Townshend and his force. You who had good reason to know the splendid work of your successor in Egypt, ought at least have been trusted to speak no ill of him.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir William Crookes, O.M.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—For your brilliant scientific gifts I have the warmest admiration; but I hardly fancy you in the rôle of "temperance reformer," and I am a little surprised that you should have lent your name to the latest mad project of the pumpuritan faction. The demand for the total suspension of the liquor traffic during the war is neither just nor reasonable; and I can only conclude that in your zeal for the national welfare you have fallen a victim to misrepresentation, which upon fuller examination your judgment would reject. That you of all men should assist this fanatical propaganda is almost past belief, and serves once more to demonstrate the unfailing wisdom of the proverb that "the cobbler should stick to his last"—and the chemist to his tubes.

JOHN BULL.

To the Postmaster-General, London.

SIR,—I am asked by a number of poor people who have sunk the whole of their capital in annuities bought through the Post Office, whether you will be good enough to arrange for payment quarterly instead of half-yearly. "The half-yearly payments did not so much hurt us before the war, though they often put us to great inconvenience," says one; "but now everything is so dear, and people won't wait six months for rent and other things, and it is shocking hard on us, for we have not anything else to depend on." I know the Government have acquired the bad habit of keeping other people's money as long as possible; perhaps in this instance you can see you way to make a precedent and pay up as soon as possible?

JOHN BULL.

To the Rev. J. G. Tasker, President, Wesleyan Conference.

REV. SIR,—I believe that it had been arranged for your Annual Conference to be held at Hull, but ultimately the venue was shifted to Westminster, for reasons, as was neatly remarked by a friendly newspaper, "upon which it is unnecessary to dilate." However, you do not intend, if it can be helped, to be balked of your visit to the East Coast, and the citizens of Hull will be gratified to know that "if possible" you propose to visit them next year; but "failing that"—to go to Burslem. Upon every ground I sincerely hope that Hull may prove both "possible" and pleasant. *Aren't* you a plucky lot?

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Rev. Dr. Day, Bishop of Clogher.

DEAR BISHOP,—Among other positions occupied and adorned by you is that of Chairman of the Board of Governors of the Monaghan Asylum. At a recent meeting the Clerk presented his usual Return, and some question was raised concerning the term "criminal lunatics." The Clerk explained that all of them, except two, were soldiers who had been sent home from the firing line, and you were moved to exclaim, in indignation as well as astonishment, "Soldiers—criminals!" The Clerk then told you that "all patients committed under the Army Act were treated as 'Criminal Lunatics,' the Government paying the full cost of their maintenance." You then asked, "Are they lunatics as a result of the fighting?" and Dr. Conlan replied that "it arose from shell-shock." The incident closed by the signing of the Return, and you said you "did so with reluctance." I recognise that you sympathise with those unfortunate men, and I am sure you make it your personal care that they receive everything possible in the way of attention, comfort, and treatment while in your charge. Probably a "criminal lunatic" passes easier days than a lunatic with tasks to do. All the same, dear Bishop, I feel, with you, that such a term, applied to soldiers suffering because they have heroically done their duty in an inferno, is a description which must be cancelled, and I hope you will set to work so that the next official Return presented to your Board shall not contain those wicked, lying words.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Herbert Samuel, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—Your astonishing oratorial performance in the House of Commons on the Government's proposal for the appointment of a Select Committee to consider the question of Electoral Registration has, I am not surprised to notice, attracted a large share of public attention. You succeeded in at least two things—in making a mock of your own motion and in making a fool of yourself; and had you also made a fool of the House, as I gather you intended, you would have succeeded in three. Happily, that intention did not materialise according to programme, for the House declined to be treated as an assembly of asses for the delectation of a supercilious Minister, and Mr. Asquith had to be brought in to withdraw the motion in order to save the Government from defeat. Even in the midst of this war, sir, there must be a limit to the public sufferance of a Government which, by ringing the changes among all the mediocrities, endeavours to delude the nation into the belief that it is one of All the Talents. That limit may be reached more quickly than any of the Mesopotamians expect; and then even a Home Secretary permeated with the delusive vanity of his indispensability to any and every Coalition, may find himself twiddling his thumbs in the chilly shades of a preposterous delusion. Meantime the country demands a new register, and one, too, which will set the seal of citizenship on the precious service and sacrifice of all men under arms or working for the common cause.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Viscount Haldane of Cloan.

MY LORD,—After your eloquent dissertation upon the beauties of German educational methods, permit me to say, "Thank you for nothing"; for we certainly have no intention of copying the methods of the Hun, especially in regard to the training of the young. Upon the whole, I cannot compliment you upon your latest excursion into the realm of public debate; in the stress of war you seem to have learned nothing and forgotten nothing of your admiration for all things German. I assure you that the public are in no mood to tolerate the public exaltation of your false ideals. Not for the first time, you have sadly mistaken the temper of the nation. Have a care.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Lord Derby, War Office, Whitehall.

DEAR LORD DERBY,—Let me say how glad I am to see that you have inaugurated your inclusion in the Ministry as Under-Secretary for War by arranging a series of weekly interviews with Members of Parliament. *But don't tell them too much.* Remember Kitchener and Russia—*and remember Lincoln.*

JOHN BULL.

CHURCHILL'S TERRIBLE "IT."

IN DEFENCE OF INDECISION—KINDNESS TO THE KAISER.

By Horatio Bottomley.

MR. CHURCHILL'S second "great chapter" on the war is entitled "The Terrible 'It'"—and a most appropriate title it is.

In Defence of Indecision.

This is the spirit of the first portion of the second article. After being reminded that it is by no means an uncommon experience to find men postponing some "great decision, some irrevocable step—some choice the consequence of which must affect one's whole life for good or ill," we are referred to the illustration of the launching of a great ship—as a warning, apparently, against precipitancy of action. I gather that ships should not be launched in a hurry. Much better to leave them on the stocks for a few months—or years! But you will never appreciate the beauty of this lesson unless you have the preacher's own words: "One by one all the blocks and shores have been struck away. The ways are greased. The path is cleared. A delicate hand takes a chisel and cuts a single strand of a cord; *and from that instant the deed is done. Nothing can recall it.*" We will pause there for a moment—just to ask what would happen to the ship if that "delicate hand" never did cut the cord. I presume it would either rot away or some day be broken up and scrapped. You see, I have never been First Lord of the Admiralty, and hitherto I have always been under the impression that ships were built to be launched. But now I see my mistake, for Mr. Churchill goes on to explain. "Suppose," says he, "a mistake has been made—some terrible miscalculation—*it is too late.* Whether to reach blue water or crash in destroying ruin by the way, the ship is launched." No doubt, in a future article, my Right Honourable friend will tell us how, without launching the vessel, we could ever know whether "a mistake" *had* been made. As matters stand, it looks as though in the opinion of the late First Lord it is a rash policy which decrees that when a ship is finished it should be launched upon the waves until after a prolonged period for meditation has elapsed. Indeed, I am not sure that making up one's mind isn't tantamount to madness. Listen to this—which immediately follows: "People have lived for years and years on the verge of suicide, or murder or madness," but "the Terrible 'It' has remained undone." Or, "on the contrary, the self-accusing figure flings open the door, mouthing the familiar words: 'I've done it. I couldn't help it. I did not will it. You all drove me to it.'" The idea of a mad suicide, having at last done the deed, flinging open the door and telling us he has duly "done it," is equalled only by that wonderful monster, "the Sinister Hypothesis," who, we were told in the previous article, was in the habit of "prowling along Whitehall" and occasionally "glaring in at the window" of No. 10, Downing Street.

Kindness to the Kaiser.

Then we come to a philosophical study of the Kaiser's part in the world-tragedy. Even here our friend walks warily, for any unqualified condemnation of the Berlin Butcher *might* react unfavourably upon the supine inactivity of Mr. Churchill's late colleagues. And so "in assigning the supreme guilt to William II., *it is not necessary to impute a conscious and deliberate* intention . . . to bring about at a given time the circumstances which led to the general war"! I refer Mr. Churchill to the speech which the young Kaiser made when taking over Heligoland; and I again call his attention to the Preamble of the first great German Naval Bill, to the various speeches of the Kaiser, to the Agadir incident, and to a score of other things which indicated to everybody but the "wise men" "a conscious and deliberate intention" to dominate the world.

Where are We?

Immediately after this qualification of the Kaiser's blood guiltiness, we read that those "who had been forced to watch more closely the military and naval aspects, were oppressed by the sense of *deliberate German purpose*, of cold decisions taken months *and even years* before, of preparations long maturing, *and of terrible design.*" Will Mr. Churchill kindly tell me who was primarily responsible for "watching the naval and military aspects," if it were not the Secretary for War and the First Lord of the Admiralty? It is obvious, however, that the minds of these "wise men" were not on their work. For, incidentally, Mr. Churchill lets in a lurid sidelight on the Councils of the Wise Men. He tells us that on July 24th, 1914—ten days before the war—the Cabinet, at its meeting, was "occupied almost entirely with the Irish crisis. For two hours the discussion played actively and anxiously around the momentous question what part of the counties of Monaghan and Tyrone could be provisionally excluded from the ambit of the Home Rule Bill." And now listen to this: "*Then*, before *we hurried to the House* for an expected series of divisions, the *quiet voice of the Foreign Secretary was heard reading the terms of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia.* . . . AND THAT NIGHT THE FIRST MEASURES OF BRITISH NAVAL PRECAUTION WERE TAKEN AND DECLARED." That narrative in itself constitutes such an indictment of the Government as in more robust days would have meant their impeachment—and execution. How Mr. Asquith must wish that those four great articles had never been conceived! What, when war did at last seem inevitable, was the policy of Ministers? "Not to encourage France and Russia *into ambitious courses* by any assurance that we should take their side. . . . to try somewhere, somehow, to get both sides *to parley round a table*"! That, we are told, was a better policy than at once declaring that we would stand by France and Russia. First, such a declaration could not then have been made in view of the "state of public or parliamentary *or Cabinet opinion.*" Mark those words—"Cabinet Opinion." Who cares a rap about "Cabinet Opinion"? Was a "Ministerial crisis" of more account than the safety of the Empire? I have, however, a much graver criticism. Even had it been practicable to have made an immediate declaration of support for France and Russia, would that have succeeded? "The answer," we are told, "according to all we know to-day, is certainly that it would not." Come, come, Mr. Churchill—*have you never read that letter from the President of the French Republic to the King—written two days before war—and declaring in express terms that if only the British Government would announce its intention to stand by France, hostilities would be averted?* And what was the King's reply? The only one which, as a Constitutional monarch, he could make—that he had referred the letter to his Ministers. *Now* what have you to say, my friend? But still our author has not exhausted his compliments to the Kaiser. Confessing that even now "we cannot tell at what precise moment the Emperor's decision to make war was taken," we are assured that "preparations, however elaborate, *however prolonged, however extensive*, are not necessarily malignant." And yet we had already been assured that any active "preparations" by ourselves would have been regarded as an act of war! But we will "Wait and See."

MAKING "HOSPITAL-FODDER."

WHAT IS WRONG WITH RECRUITING DOCTORS?—SOME GLARING SCANDALS.

CAUGHT in the great Official Machine, many an honest man's efforts have been rendered futile—whilst lucky is he if his reputation is not torn to rags. For instance, Lord Derby recently stated that all through his work he never allowed the claims of the industrial system to escape his attention—"as Britain was financing not only herself but her Allies, the continuance of industry was essential." However, despite this common-sense declaration, a grave state of affairs exists in regard to medical examination. The fact that our military hospitals, equipped for the reception of heroes wounded in battle, are at this moment becoming choked with men sent to them almost direct from the recruiting offices, is a by-word among the staffs at these institutions. A large number of the men become what are known as "medical cases" so soon after being passed by the civilian or military doctors that they do not even have time to don khaki. In hospital they remain until the military authorities see fit to give them a discharge—their positions and homes in the meantime being lost and the men themselves turned from useful citizens into chronic invalids. An equally disgraceful recruiting scandal is that affecting the "units" passed for service, who, after resigning their positions in civil life, have been promptly thrown out of the Army upon re-examination by the Royal Army Medical Corps. Apart from this criminal squandering of the nation's money, there is the tragic side of the affair—the breaking up of homes and the wrecking of careers without any good purpose being served.

Callousness or Idiocy?

Do cases like the following indicate callousness, carelessness or sheer idiocy on the part of the doctors who are paid handsomely for their "duty to the State"? One of the most flagrant instances, in view of the terrible danger involved, comes from Skipton. At a recent quarterly meeting of the District Insurance Committee of that town it was reported that a man who had been an inmate of a sanatorium had been conscripted for military service, and that the Barnoldswick Urgency Sub-Committee had passed a resolution of protest. The Committee had been told that the man was not only a bad consumptive, but that it was also an *infectious* case; yet the appeals of Dr. Kaye, of the County Council, for the man's release had been fruitless. Another glaring instance of the callous way in which these medicos who are entrusted with the vital duty of passing judgment as to the fitness for military duty of the young manhood of the nation are behaving, came before the Middlesex Tribunal a week or two ago. A baker who had lodged an appeal said his doctor had told him that he had hernia, neurasthenia, flat foot, and "other things." Yet the Mill Hill medical board had passed him as fit. In spite of the fact that Tribunals are supposed to refuse to deal with the medical aspect of any case, this body rightly considered themselves justified in sending the man to a specialist of their choosing—who reported that the applicant was suffering from all the things his own doctor had diagnosed, and another ailment as well.

London Scandals.

Now let us take London, which has become a hot-bed of medical disagreement and inconsistency. A single man attested at a suburban office. He was stone blind in the right eye. Upon pointing out this fact and producing a letter from one of the most eminent oculists in the kingdom in verification of his statement, the recruiting doctor, with studied callousness, called out to the clerk taking particulars, "Says blind right eye." Being passed for service and receiving his call, he had to resign a responsible position which he held and store his belongings. Ten minutes before the regimental doctor and he was given his discharge! Fortunately for him he was reinstated in his old position—but hundreds of similar cases have occurred where the victims have not been so lucky, and have found themselves out of the Army and out of a job at the same time.

Yet another disgraceful case is that of a partner in an important City business firm, who had had peritonitis three times, was ruptured, and also wore a glass eye. After careful examination he was passed for garrison duty, and it was necessary to waste the time of an appeal tribunal before the military grip was relaxed and he was granted exemption.

Provincial Cases.

"Sussex-by-the-Sea" sounds very well when sung to a stirring air, but not if you happen to be a militarily unfit resident in the county. Something akin to a sensation was caused at the Worthing Tribunal by a milk-carrier, who was appealing on the grounds of ill-health and domestic hardship. This poor fellow, it was proved, had himself been medically attended for repeated attacks of appendicitis, and in addition to this he had to bear the anxiety and burden of a delicate wife who had undergone no fewer than five operations. He alleged that on his attestation card the doctor had stamped a red square, which he understood to mean that he was unfit, and that the recruiting officer had deliberately scratched this out and written "fit" on his card. Even while he was being questioned he fell forward in a faint, and the Chairman, making the observation that it would be madness to send the man into the Army, granted six months' exemption. What effect the ghastly anxiety of it all must have had on his invalid wife we can only imagine, but the least the authorities can do to make some amends for the blunder is to set the minds of the couple at ease now by granting absolute exemption from military service at once. Here is a case from the village of Westhampnett—which, by the way, adjoins Chichester, the headquarters for recruiting in West Sussex. A jobbing builder who was granted exemption until September 9, said that—notwithstanding ruptured varicose veins, bad teeth and rheumatism—he had been passed for service. We know of a man passed for *general service* with an artificial leg! Another who was considered fit for the same exacting duties had his spine so badly malformed that he could not carry anything on his back, much less a pack weighing about 96 lbs.

An Explanation.

What does it all mean? It cannot be due to ignorance on the part of the Recruiting Medical Officers. Stories of such blunders come from too far afield for that. Is it due to a direct "tip" from the Central authorities, anxious to impress neutral and allied countries by ridiculously inflated figures of our gigantic Army? There are those who incline to the latter view. Whatever the cause, the result is a national disgrace; and we hope we are not too late in calling the attention of Lord Derby to a state of things of which he cannot be aware, and will not countenance for a moment. We have to rely very largely on the unfit to carry on the essential industries which are supplying the sinews of war, and instructions should be given without delay that the unfits shall be returned to business and the support of their wives and families before a few weeks of military training has rendered them practically useless either as soldiers or citizens.

GIANTS OF THE SEA.

THE NAVY'S NEW ARM—FISHERS OF MEN AND MINES.

By the Rev. Forbes Phillips (Vicar of Gorleston).

VIGOROUS Vikings! The breezy, genial giants, big of heart and big of limb, who dominate the North Sea and through that all seas! Readers of John Bull—who are, I have ever found, warm-hearted citizens—will not misunderstand me when I say I write of these modern Vikings not merely as a journalist, but as a lover, for I live among them. I was brought up among them. I have been to sea with them. Whether they are manning life-boats to save life, or mine-sweepers to fish for the deadly dangers strewn in the pathways of the sea, netting the assassins of the deep—the German submarines—or on H.M. patrols that keep incessant watch, these Vikings are always vigorous, courageous and resourceful. They accept with a joke and dismiss with a jest wounds that would put the ordinary landsman "on his club" for weeks. Do not think I dream that they are perfect characters. The sea does not breed plaster-of-paris saints. Their language is flavoured with strange, earnest oaths; the thirsty part of their anatomy has a way of coming uppermost at times; theirs is no flawless character, but it will bear many spots upon it and still be grand. It is the character which stands between Britain and the horrors of Belgium. It is this vigorous Viking, with his splendid courage, his amazing endurance, his cheery alertness, his bull-dog grip, who corrects and neutralises the muddling and fumbling of men ignorant of the sea, ignorant of every thing save legal form and Party intrigue.

The Navy's New Arm.

The vigorous Viking forms the new Navy, the new weapon. The rough, tough material lay ready to hand; his big official brother of the Royal Navy invited him to come and join in the fight. He did not need a second invitation. These men are sportsmen. Red tape might have strangled them—ought to have strangled them—but their character was too strong even for official red tape. The sea moulds a brotherhood of its own. The Admiral of the Fleet, the stoker of a tramp, the sailor man of the trawler Reserve, all feel they belong to the same brotherhood. The song of the sea, the call of the wild, the spiritual, mystic message of the deep are woven into their anatomy by some magic we do not understand, and produce the breed. The sea builds up character. From his boyhood the Viking has gazed at the tremendous might of massive waters that fling ships about like corks. He has felt cataract seas thudding down upon him and his ship. The eccentricities of the tempest are his special study. These various forces are like the blows of the master's chisel, producing noble form out of shapeless stone. They give birth to masterpieces in one generation and hand on the type to another, and the Viking breed never loses its continuity. The sea looks to that. Like a divine teacher, the sea emphasises the true dignity of the soul, the power of that soul which dares to tread the seas and mark out pathways across the mighty ocean. The call of the sea is a challenge of strength, skill and knowledge against capricious forces. The sea has a message, "Trust me, know me, conquer me, or you perish." She is a jealous mistress. It is her mysterious teaching thundered into the ears of sailor men that makes them a race apart. Our great sea service is old, ripe and wise; her wisdom is not gathered into text books, but into the blood of these men. They represent the power which controls the sea, which means controlling the road to everywhere. The Viking's Kingdom of the Sea is the real Britain, its foundation and strength—yet our lawyer-politicians were willing to surrender all this. The Declaration of London was our surrender of sea-power. Britain slowly awakened to the danger of putting ourselves on a level with Bolivia and Brazil and with no more voice in the councils of the nations. Five months after we began our Navy was "in irons"—put there not by sailors, but by salaried office-seekers and place-holders. The original instructions and rules given to our Vikings as to how and when they might fight would have given them a quick passage to Kingdom come, but the men of the sea can even deal with lawyer-politicians. They can play the game with them, and win. *And they have!*

Be of Good Cheer.

Brother Britons, take heart of grace! These Vikings can rise supreme above the murky tide of political trickery and they can cut the bindings of official red-tape. You would cheer, all Britain would cheer if it knew all that these Vikings have done within the last few weeks. But that grim, deadly, secret game of theirs as they wage war upon the submarine is breaking the hearts of the blackguards who know no mercy and have no pity. Our mine-sweepers and patrols ask for neither. Silently, secretly, they go about their deadly work. Day by day their ingenuity invents fresh methods of dealing with the assassin of the deep. Germany can build submarines quickly, but our men have accounted for the trained Teutons who once manned them. The new German submarines are fine ships, but they are not handled with the same skill or anything like the seamanship that characterised their earlier efforts. There is a part of the North Sea. I know it; so do our Vikings. It is like a graveyard. I passed over it one moonlight night; little black buoys and sad flags marked the graves of German assassins. How many? I can say Mr. Balfour was modest in his estimate. The sea still breaks and moans; it gurgles among the rocks and thunders in the deep caverns below, but the old North Sea keeps its secrets and its dead, while the Viking—the British Viking—grimly, silently goes about his task. From my library window I see out into the North Sea. The first gleam of light shows the dark blurs upon the far horizon. They are the men who keep the seas for Britain. Night falls. There is no rest for them. Through the darkness they steam with lights out—confident, prayerful, resourceful, curseful too. Sometimes their curses are like prayers. I think the Master would prefer their earnest curses to many people's cold prayers. Yes, there they are at sea; as I write they begin to move quickly. A signal is exchanged, a gun is fired; then silence. Only those in the secret know the rest. The Germans will realise their tragedy three weeks hence. But how, when, where it happened—that is the secret.

The Game is in our Hands.

Britain must come out top dog in this war, for Britain must remain Mistress of the Seas so long as there are children born to her like these. The blood of the old Viking rovers throbs hot in their veins; they, as their forefathers before them, live by the sea; as babes they are lulled to sleep on its wide bosom by its music. It is the first music they hear, and the last. They, and they only, understand it. When the broad ocean shudders and leans heavily against the land, the true child of the Viking knows what to expect and acts accordingly. He can control Neptune in his fury, and he has defied the political machine in its subtlety. This is manliness, this is seamanship—the seamanship that has made Britain great and is destined to make her even greater.

AN UNGRATEFUL FARMER.

SHABBY TREATMENT OF A WOUNDED SOLDIER.

It is not a bad idea to give wounded soldiers a little healthy farm work, when they are not quite fit to return to duty, but it is bad for the soldier when he strikes the wrong sort of farmer. A private in the Cheshire Regiment, sent to a farm in Herefordshire, arrived at Kingsland station about 9 p.m., and, footing it through unfamiliar, lonely lanes, did not reach his destination until after 10. He had to knock for a long time before the farmer condescended to poke his head out of the top window. The man explained who he was and why he had arrived, whereupon the gentleman above said that he had not sent for him. It was useless for the soldier to repeat that he was obeying orders; that dear old gentleman just shut his window and left the man, who had fought and bled for him and others, standing in a strange country-side, without shelter. The poor chap's only resource was to find his way back to the station. It was closed for the night, but he got on to the platform and stretched himself on a seat for slumber. He was discovered in the morning by the signalman, who, being a decent Englishman, got him a hot meal and saw him safe on his way back by train. It is fair to say that the village of Kingsland is seething with indignation, and had the soldier found his way among the houses every door in the place would have been open to him. But he struck a bad patch, just one gloomy, thankless farmer who, though a regular chapel-goer, had neither the decency, humanity, nor gratitude to offer a crust of bread and a roof to a man whose shoes we judge him unworthy to brush. It was bad luck; but such things do happen—even in war-time—and we are afraid will continue to occur.

MUCH TOO BAD.

A POINT FOR THE MILITARY AUTHORITIES.

Licensed victuallers are behind no other class of the community in gratuitous kindness to the troops; but it is unfair that their good nature should be exploited by the authorities, as appears in some instances to have been done in regard to the billeting of soldiers. We hear of one case in which, as a means of protest, an hotel-keeper declined to accept eight soldiers whom it was proposed to billet upon him: and in the course of subsequent proceedings at a local Police Court he explained that had he accepted men at the fixed rate proposed, he would have incurred a daily loss of 1s. per head. In imposing the minimum penalty of 40s. the Bench seems to have been satisfied that a genuine grievance had been disclosed; and we venture to hope that the case may serve to suggest to the Army authorities the wisdom and justice of a more liberal scale of terms. With provisions at the present price, it is impossible to furnish soldiers with the regulation rations of meat, vegetables, bread, bacon, and cheese—to say nothing of tea, milk and beer—for the usual payment of 2s. 3d. a day. For example, the daily pound of meat prescribed can scarcely be bought for less than 1s. 3d., leaving a balance of 1s. to cover the cost of the other commodities named, all of which have gone up in price since the scale of billeting allowances was fixed. Unfortunately, there is too much reason to fear that even these inadequate payments are in some instances unconscionably delayed; in one case of this kind lately brought to our notice a publican had made repeated applications for the settlement of his account, so far without result. As a class, they have borne a good deal more than their share of the normal hardships of war.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

BULL-DOGGEREL RHYMES, BY THE "BOW-WOW."

Mr. McKenna declares, if and when a
Big Germhun invasion arrives,
The bold volunteers will have no further fears
And their wives have the time of their lives.

Saint Swithin's pride can't be denied
For, when his Day was done,
"Behold," he cried, well satisfied,
"How I lured out 'some' sun!"

No wonder they struggled to hide it from sight.
The pitiful story of shame!
By Heaven above, though, we'll drag it to light
And find out the men who're to blame!

The Camera on the battlefield
May lead to sundry strictures,
But, shells apart, should surely yield
Most realistic pictures.

Asquith's way with awkward questions
Means Committees by the score,
But it leaves him. bar suggestions,
Not mushroom for many more.

"An Austrian army, awfully arrayed,"
Must needs feel mighty queer
When hefty Russian boot or blade
Attacks it in the rear.

GOSPEL ACCORDING TO McKENNA.

ECONOMY AS SHE IS PREACHED BUT NEVER PRACTISED.

"Personal example is all important," writes the great McKenna. But devil a bit of example in economy do we get out of Whitehall or Downing Street. What all the sermonising comes to at the last is that ministers beg us to save in order that the Government departments may squander. We will undertake to say that they have not saved enough out of War Loan, Exchequer Bonds, War Savings Certificates and the rest to buy a baby's rattle, the one thing they need above all. Let us point the moral. There is now before us an envelope rescued from a sack of wastepaper in the offices of the Naval Store Officer in one of his Majesty's dockyards. As there are at the present time about 60 sacks of this "waste" in one heap awaiting removal, we are rather anxious to know whether the contractor buys it or is paid for taking it away. The envelope itself measures fifteen inches by ten inches, is of cartridge paper, and, purchased at a shop, would cost at least twopence. This envelope has been apparently used to enclose two ounces of matter; at any rate, it is marked in one corner, in pencil, "2oz., 2d." But this is not all. Having ascertained that two ounces cost twopence postage, the Stores Department concerned puts on 2½d. in stamps—though the envelope bears the inscription, "On His Majesty's Service," and therefore does not need any postage at all—and then throws the envelope, with its unused stamps, into the wastepaper sack. This is not an isolated instance, as in the same handful of wastepaper taken from the one sack there is another envelope, also "On His Majesty's Service," with two penny stamps adhering, though it has never been through the post. In this case all that has been done is to disfigure the stamps with a splash or two of ink. This is the first time we have learned that Government departments throw away unused stamps for the benefit of waste contractors, in much the same way as they allow sirloins of beef and loaves of bread to be thrown into regimental "dust-bins." Is there no check at all kept on postage stamps in Government departments? For a responsible job of that kind we should have thought there would be an official in a sky-blue coat, yellow waistcoat, green stockings, buckled shoes, and sleeve ruffles, with golden buttons stuck all over him at intervals, and that he would be listed on the permanent staff at £2,000 a year and a pension. For all we know he may be there, but we have never seen him or heard of him. It is said that clerks in some Government departments do not necessarily pay their own postages in writing to their best girl, but as this may be merely rumour we give the mellifluous McKenna the benefit of the doubt. We do not believe that £6,000,000 a day is being expended without prodigal waste even in this, the costliest of all the world's wars.

A HINT TO HOUSEHOLDERS.

SHADY "ACCIDENT SOCIETY'S" IMPUDENT RESUSCITATION.

Despite the very undesirable publicity which the "Provident Legal Accident Society, Ltd.," of 210, Euston Road, N.W., obtained in March last—when P. MacCullum and Henry Lissner, the precious pair running it, were sentenced to four months' and one month's imprisonment respectively, the former in addition having to pay £120 for costs—its emissaries have lately emerged from the temporary obscurity into which they thought it desirable to retire, in order to pester householders for sixpences for "family tickets" of membership. The principal object of the concern—in addition to obtaining the sixpences—is to get in touch with workmen and others likely to have compensation claims against their employers. It was shown at the Old Bailey that, after obtaining sums of money from insurance companies, in settlement of claims for injuries, MacCallum and Lissner paid part only of them to the unfortunate men, falsely representing that what was handed over was the whole amount. As the offence is punishable by penal servitude, the sentences passed upon the rascals seem ridiculously lenient. The touts selling the rubbishy "certificates of membership" are particularly busy in the Twickenham neighbourhood. Local residents should release their dogs from the chain.

THE FISHY STATE OF FISH.

AMAZING STORY OF A HADDOCK AND WHITING CATCH.

Though we do not understand as much about fish as we do about some things, certain facts are reported to us from the North Sea Fishing Fleet which induce us to believe that the fish business is a lot fishier than ever we thought it. "The fishermen are sending you fish regularly every morning in the same carriers you no doubt have seen at Billingsgate, London," says our informant, "but as two of them have been blown up they are running to Hull market for safety. Lots of the buyers have been called up, consequently the few that are left have undoubtedly formed a ring round the fish. I am sending you our returns for last week. Last Monday tons of good fresh haddocks and whitings went to the manure yard, and we got absolutely nothing for all our labour and risk—we had a submarine here to-day. Isn't it a crying shame! . . . I have underlined class of fish that is going to manure yard, but the newspaper quotation is to make the public think the buyers and middlemen are giving high prices, consequently if you go into a shop for fish you would be charged 2s. for what we are getting about threepence for." What mystifies us is why haddock or any other edible denizen of the deep should be converted into manure at a time when thousands of human mouths are clamouring to have it for breakfast, dinner, tea or supper at a fair price. What we are invited to picture is a number of creatures, made in the likeness of man, forming a prayer meeting round tons of haddock and whiting, and holding hands till it gets too bad for anything except mulching exhibition roses—and then, when the manure carts have fetched it away, visiting the local fish editor and codding him that the price of haddock and whiting is at a high premium. The result, we imagine, is that while the fresh fish at the dock which ought to be in the market is being turned into manure, the stale fish in the shops which ought to be on the manure heap is turned into money. Of course we cannot be expected to get the exact hang of the fish business all at once, but that is how it appears to us on the evidence. Supposing we are wrong, we shall be glad to know why a poor fisherman of the vasty deep in time of war should go catching prime haddock and lovely whiting for nothing.

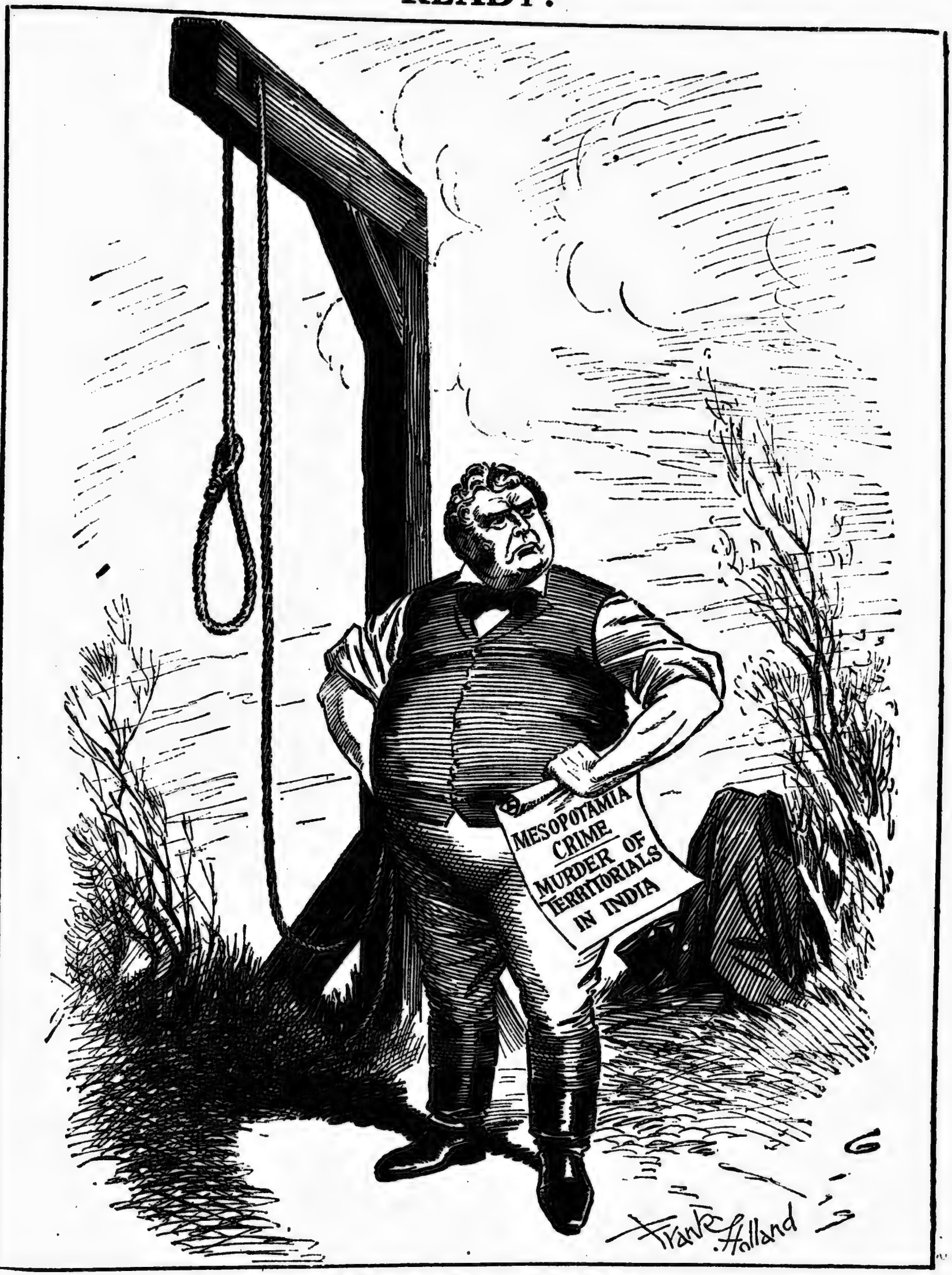
A QUICK-CHANGE PROFESSOR.

SCIENCE MASTER'S MASTERLY MANŒUVRE.

If the "combing out" process for single men has not been as fruitful as it might have been, the fault lies partly at the door of certain employers who seem to have quite failed to realise the urgency of the demand. Occasionally, a public body has openly preferred local interests to national needs—as, for example, at Holyhead, where the Governors of the County School were invited to part with Mr. Hughes, their Science Master, a single man of 38, whose case was heard by the local Military Tribunal. The school-master, it seems, took his stand as a Conscientious Objector; but in his evidence before the Tribunal Lord Sheffield, the Chairman of the County School Governors, supported the claim for exemption upon quite other grounds. The Science Master, he declared, was "indispensable" to the successful working of the school—a statement which was supported by the Headmaster, who added that "the careers of several boys in the upper forms would be jeopardised if the Science Master had to leave before the end of the term." Upon these grounds exemption was granted until July 31st. The circumstances created a good deal of local interest, which was not lessened when, towards the close of this period of grace, the Science Master applied to the Governors to be released from his duties at the School, on the ground that he had obtained employment in a powder factory! By the casting vote of the Vice-Chairman, it was decided to accede to this request, and the "indispensable" Science Master, whose conscientious objection to the pursuits of warfare seems by this time to have vanished into thin air, was sent on his way rejoicing that he had dished the Tribunal, and escaped the onerous demands of military service. Such incidents have been of by no means uncommon occurrence, and they go far to explain the discontent prevailing in some areas regarding the administration of the Service Acts.

"Horatio Bottomley, the Man as he is To-day." All Booksellers, 1s.

READY!



WHERE ARE THE CULPRITS?

Played Out Politicians.

IF our splendid soldiers muddled and messed at the front as our miserable Ministers are muddling and messing at home, defeat would have stared us in the face months ago. Thank God for the Army! Whom and what are we to thank for such displays of weakness, of ignorance, of ineptitude, of dishonesty as have made a parliamentary week infamous in the annals of Party Government? Party Government! Yes, this Coalition which the nation has tried so hard to trust, this Cabinet which if it were only occasionally right would be able to count upon the loyalty and confidence of the People, is past praying for. There is no feature of its policy which is not mismanaged; there are not half-a-dozen of its members who seem to have the courage and the horse-sense to do the right thing. Letting "I dare not wait upon I would," following the ignominious line of least resistance, temporising here, compromising there, floundering and muddling—really matters have reached a crisis; and there seems to be only one way out—a change of Government.

Played Out Politicians.

I know I shall be told that this would mean running risks, and that many serious men are afraid that a change would be disastrous. But I answer that nothing could be worse for war or more perilous for peace than to continue in power men who have lost grip of themselves and of the necessities of the hour. This Coalition is a proved failure. A change of Government could be effected without a General Election. Has the King no one on whom he can call to form an alternative Ministry? Is the country so bereft of men of ability that we must be content to sit quiet under such exhibitions of insincerity and incompetence as have lately disgraced our parliamentary proceedings? We have too long been in the habit when we speak of Rulers, of thinking only of Politicians. That is a grim, a fatal mistake. These politicians, these petty Party men who have carried into the Cabinet the wrangling propensities they were wont to exhibit in the House of Commons, are nearly all of them pinchbeck rulers. Contemplate their records; look up their qualifications. The luck of the polling booth, the trick of the hustings, the good fortune of a dead level of mediocrity which has enabled them to stand out from among the greater fools of politics—these are the conditions and the circumstances which have brought them place and power. Even with a trusting nation and a subservient Commons, they have failed to rise above their personal defects and their Party prejudices. To-day they have reached the zenith of cynical display of assumed superiority, as witness that impertinent exhibition of levity and insincerity by the Home Secretary in proposing, and yet insulting, the Committee on Registration; and of self-confessed ineptitude as revealed in the Prime Minister's huckstering over the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia inquiries. The instrument of Government is dropping from hands palsied by indecision, made weak by insincerity. Ministers put their personal interests before the country's needs. "Cabinet unity" is the one thing they try to preserve. They have pooled their parliamentary tricks as well as their official salaries. What one Minister says to-day to silence awkward questions, or dodge patriotic criticism, another Minister denies to-morrow when the immediate danger is past. One promises—the other refuses to perform. "The interests of the nation" has become a glib phrase which really means "the fortunes of the Coalition"—all is counted well lost if only Ministers can hang together. They forget that the rope of self-preservation, used to link up these men struggling on the slippery slope of mess and muddle, may one day shift from the waist to the neck.

Coalition Collapse.

All the worst, and none of the redeeming, elements of Party are stereotyped in the Coalition Cabinet. That is why they are fast rushing from mess and muddle to disaster and damnation. It is "pull devil, pull baker" within the Council Chamber, and the doubts and delays in Downing Street are visualised in parliamentary indecision and the multiplication of Committees. Great questions of policy which affect the immediate conduct of the war and the lives of our gallant men—Mesopotamia is the product of the Coalition, just as Gallipoli is the disastrous legacy of the late Government—questions which should be settled by the Cabinet are shelved, and outsiders are appointed to make up the Ministerial mind. The Radical Government, with all its defects, was not so futile as this hybrid thing we call the Coalition. I welcomed its birth because I believed it would give us consolidated patriotism and combined wisdom. But it has failed miserably. With much protestation of sinking all for the common good—with solemn assurances that none should be for Party and all for the State—we accepted these men at their own moral value. How have they responded to our trust? By what works have they shown themselves worthy of our confidence? Look where you will, there is nothing they can offer as an excuse for mismanagement—no evidence they can bring to silence our just fears or prove that shining competence they flaunt in our faces. Each is tarred with the same brush—the sleeping sickness of indecision is over them all. When a vacancy occurs in this tried and, if you like, "overworked" Ministerial ring, they shuffle and scheme so to arrange matters as to bar the entry of any outsider. The most they will do is to admit one on the outer edge of the Ministry into the sacred and well-paid sanctuary of the Cabinet Pool. What a game it all is! But the pity and the tragedy of it is that while they are playing their petty game the country suffers.

Ireland.

Could there be a sorrier or more contemptible example of Party insincerity and Ministerial muddle than the position of Ireland? If the two men who are not in the Cabinet—Mr. Redmond and Sir E. Carson—had been left alone they would have maintained with unswerving loyalty and exalted patriotism that truce of God before the enemy which has meant that thousands of gallant Unionists and Nationalists have freely offered their lives to the Empire and the cause of the Allies. Who has thrown the fat into the fire? The Coalition

THE COMING C

By THE

CABINET CRASH.

HE EDITOR

Cabinet. And for what reason? Merely to save their own faces, to preserve "Cabinet unity"—to keep themselves in office because—(and they really believe it)—they think they are indispensable. When you come to examine it, there is nothing to be said for the proposed Irish "settlement." It will settle nothing and will satisfy no one. Both Redmondites and Carsonites were content to leave the Future to itself, to maintain the truce. Who asked for this new Home Rule Bill? No one—neither Nationalist, nor Ulsterman, nor Sinn Feiner. The Government failed to govern; rebellion raised its bloody head in Ireland—and as a reward for rebellion the men who shot down peaceful citizens and unoffending soldiers are to be allowed to claim a victory. I should like to feel that in deliberately stirring the smouldering embers of Party strife over Ireland the Coalition had regard only to the interests of the nation. No one was stronger than Mr. Balfour in ridiculing the idea that "the road to peace in a time of national crisis was to be found in introducing into the House of Commons a discussion upon a subject which cannot be discussed without bitterness of feeling between the two Parties." And now we are to have the wretched business all over again!

Pot and Kettle.

When the Radical Government were alleged to have broken the truce, Sir E. Carson told his friends in Ulster that they were the victims, not of the action of a nation, but of a "despicable political faction." Lord Robert Cecil was even stronger. The truce had been broken; the Unionists had been betrayed; no longer would they be able to co-operate as they had done with men whom they could no longer trust. "They would have to treat the Government as one would treat card-sharpers if one was playing cards with them. What action the Opposition took should be of such a character as would leave no doubt even in the minds of the most pachydermatous of Ministers that they no longer regarded them as gentlemen, and as no longer fit for the society of gentlemen." Well, as we all know, the time came when even Lord Robert Cecil thought it good enough to consort with those "cardsharpers" and men whom he deemed unfit for the society of gentlemen. Whether Mr. Asquith and his friends improved, or whether Lord Robert and his friends conveniently lowered their standard, it is not for me to say. But one remark I would make incidentally. When we criticise the Government and even venture to suggest that the Blockade Minister might show more keenness in his office, Lord Robert should be the last man to mistake our motives or to deny us just grounds for suspicion. Perhaps the "cardsharpers" have had a leavening of gentlemen or, as evil communications are said to corrupt good manners, it is just possible the "gentlemen" have fallen under the influence of the other fellows. This I do know—there is not a pin to choose between any of them when it comes to political morality. There is only one remedy for it all: The Coalition must confess their faults, admit their grievous failure, and return to the *status quo ante bellum*. It was because of the war that the truce was called. No one has broken the truce except the rebels, acting under a mistaken

Flouting Public Opinion.

sense of patriotism and the influence of the Kaiser. No one will be a penny the worse if this dangerous attempt to force Home Rule on Ireland before we have forced peace on Germany is relegated to the shades of a miserable oblivion. If it would bring comfort to distressed Erin I would risk the danger; but it won't.

Sincerity Wanted.

Apart from competence, what the nation wants to feel, and cannot now believe, is that Ministers are sincere. Why, that confession of Dr. Macnamara the other day, that he did not know what destroyers accompanied Lord Kitchener's "coffin ship" is either a lie or an insult. If it be true that the Admiralty cared so little about the terrible calamity that occurred while Lord Kitchener was under the care of the Navy that—in spite of all the discussion, and my own demand for the names of those destroyers which were turned back from the ill-fated ship—he did not think it worth while to inquire, then I say it is an insult alike to the nation and to the memory of Lord Kitchener. We have been told there was a full inquiry into the loss of the *Hampshire*, and yet the Government is ignorant of the identity of the two destroyers which were ordered to turn back and so left Lord Kitchener and his staff to their cruel fate in those Northern waters. I repeat, the Cabinet have cynically flouted public opinion in this and other matters; they have lost public confidence. We are in the midst of the glory of the fight. Our men are making radiant history for the Empire and are creating new traditions for the uplifting of generations yet to come. If the Coalition persists in conduct so weak and vacillating, and in policies so shiftless and so shameful, it will be the duty of the People to demand that they surrender their power to stronger and more earnest hands. The nation is in no mood for fooling at Politics, and Ministers will be well advised to take note of the fact.

The Only Way.

It all comes back to my old suggestion. *Let the King govern—in Council.* Let Parliament be suspended for the duration of the war. Nobody wants it. As at present constituted, it is a played-out institution. It is tired. In times of peace, it was a more or less harmless fraud. It amused the public, and was useful to the Press. And it enabled us to boast that we were a free and self-governing people. It gave us something to talk, and to quarrel, and to vote about; and the game became so popular that even the women wanted to play! But we are at war—and the way to win, and to finish the business once and for all, is to have a War Council, presided over by the King, and consisting of a Sailor, a Soldier, a Financier, and two or three level-headed Business men. There should be a special session of the House of Commons to pass an open Vote of Credit for the purposes of the war; and the Finance members of the Council should supervise the expenditure of the money. All else should be left to the Navy and the Army, so far as the prosecution of the war is concerned—leaving the Business men to supervise the business details. It is the only way. The alternative is a Cabinet crash.

HARRY PILCER TELLS HOW HE CURED HIS SERIOUS FOOT TROUBLES AND RHEUMATISM.

Well-known Dancer finds remarkable substitute for Expensive Spa Treatments. In a week, was able to practise his Dances; in three weeks he was cured.

Explains how anyone can cure Rheumatism and bad Foot Troubles, such as Aching, Tenderness, Corns, Callouses, etc.

Last autumn, while on a walking tour, I was thoroughly wet through, consequently I soon had very sharp pains in my feet and legs, which my doctor told me were rheumatic, and he ordered immediately a course of treatment at a Continental spa. As I had professional engagements to fulfil this was impossible, and I decided to try what a self-treatment would do for me. I had heard of some really wonderful cures effected by two well-known natural medicinal compounds called Alkia Saltrates and Reudel Bath Saltrates, but you know, one is always inclined to be sceptical about "wonderful cures." Still, I decided to give the combination a trial.

HARRY PILCER.

I soon found that drinking occasionally a tumbler of water containing a spoonful of the Alkia Saltrates cleared all the uric acid out of my system and made me feel better in every way. In fact, I know now it gave me for a penny or two a drink of curative water containing practically the same "saltrates," or natural medicinal qualities, that I would have received at an expensive spa. As for the Reudel Bath Saltrates, this compound forms wonderfully curative, medicated and oxygenated bathing water. When I commenced adding a few spoonfuls to my bath, it was painful even to walk, my muscles and joints were so stiff. After a week of perseverance with the curative baths and taking the Alkia Saltrates regularly, I was not only able to walk without discomfort, but commenced practising my dances—a thing I had despaired of doing for months to come. As a foot bath to cure any sort of bad and painful foot trouble, aching, tenderness, corns, callouses, etc., the Reudel saltrated water never fails. These two simple and inexpensive saltrates compounds, which any chemist can supply at slight cost, certainly gave me the benefits of all the curative powers of Vichy, Marienbad, Aix-les-Bains, or other famous drinking and bathing waters, without the trouble or expense of journeying to any of them, and in three weeks I was completely cured.

Harry Pilcer

For Liver Troubles use Kalsel.—ADVT.

GLASS LEMON

REQUIRES NO SUGAR.

It makes delicious lemonade with simply cold water.

ASK YOUR GROCER.

Freemans Watford

THE WASTE TOBACCO SCANDAL.

WHY TONS ARE BURNT EVERY YEAR.

There is not a shadow of a shade of a doubt that the average Government official "gets" economy as enthusiastically as a redeemed burglar gets religion. In a recent issue we expressed a mild sort of surprise to hear that Government officials should be burning tobacco by the ton at one of the national dockyards. Up rises a 2nd Lieutenant of a Border Regiment to tell us that he is astonished we are surprised. He says that when he lived in Plymouth it was common knowledge, and not considered extraordinary at all, that the Devonport officials burnt tons of Navy tobacco every year. He says the explanation is easy. Having contracted for a certain quantity of tobacco each year, and inevitably having some left over, the official mind can conceive one way only of disposing of the surplus. Not having an official mind, surely it is reasonable for us to ask why in that case the surplus cannot be carried over to the next year and correspondingly less tobacco bought. "But, my dear sir," demands our instructor, "what would the poor contractor do?" To that it can be promptly answered that we do not know and do not care. He could go and hang himself, so far as we are concerned, or boil his head and play with the gravy. But assuming that the feelings of the poor contractor should be solicitously regarded, or that he refused to hang or boil, why not distribute the surplus among the poor workhouse inmates, Navy and Army pensioners Tommies in hospital who have not joined the Anti-Smoking Society, and such like?

A NOSE FOR DRINK.

A SNIFF FOR MEDICAL AND POLICE OPINION.

Mr. King is Superintendent of the Dunoon Convalescent Homes, and can scent a noggin of whisky in the next county; some people add, "even if there was none there." It happened that two poor invalids came out from Glasgow, armed with admission orders, but Mr. King refused to admit them, saying that they were under the influence of liquor. So the sick men betook themselves to the Police Station, and the officers there, expert in such matters, could detect no signs of that 'fluence. But Mr. King still persisted in his allegation, and so the would-be convalescents were medically examined: no alcohol was detected, but one man was found to be suffering from serious heart disease. And yet that King-ly Superintendent re-asserted his yea, though all else said nay. In the result, one of the two poor invalids went back to Glasgow; the other went into the Poorhouse. The Visiting Committee of the Homes "inquired" into the matter, apparently by asking Mr. King his opinion. They do not seem to have asked anything of the Clerk of the Council, of the Police, or of the Medical Officer. And they wrote to say that Mr. King had "acted rightly." We write this to say that on the face of it he did nothing of the kind. The entire weight of evidence is, and was, dead against him, but he believed in his own stubborn head and the suspectful sniffs of his own nose, and permitted himself to turn away two sick, suffering men who had dragged themselves to the doors of a Convalescent Home on the promise of relief and succour

RACING NOTES.

By "THE SQUIRE."

Unless alterations are made—and this seems improbable—after the week at Windsor we have only four days' more racing until we assemble once more at Newmarket on September 12th.

For most of the events at Windsor entries are very large. However, the two principal races, the Royal Boro' Handicap on Friday and the St. George's Handicap on Saturday, are of only moderate dimensions, and will both furnish interesting contests. I like TRIM for the first-named event, and ARGOS for the second. Other races on Friday may result as follows:—College T.Y.O. Plate, CRESSET; Village Selling Welter, MICHIGAN; Bridge T.Y.O. Selling, DR. SYM*; Forest Handicap, JOY WHEEL; Clewer Plate, ARCO. On Saturday, Datchet Welter, CHELSHO; Ray's Selling Handicap, CAROL SINGER; July T.Y.O. Sweepstakes, FLYING IVY f*; Eton T.-Y.-O. Stakes, SAMPHIRE C.

"THE SPECIAL," containing full selections for the meeting, is now on sale, or may be ordered from Messrs. ODHAMS, 93, Long Acre, W.C. (price, 6d.). Wire inquiries should be addressed to me, c.o. JOHN BULL.

£10 REWARD.

WANTED, the Copies of JOHN BULL for July 22nd, 1916, bearing on the Covers the Numbers 063,726 and A378,102. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid £5 upon applying to THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

WHAT IS YOUR NUMBER?

EVERY copy of JOHN BULL bears upon its cover a distinctive number, and every week FIFTY of such numbers will be drawn and PUBLISHED IN THE FOLLOWING ISSUE.

To each of the holders of copies of JOHN BULL *of specified date*, bearing ON THE COVER any of such numbers, we will, upon production within seven days of publication (a reasonable extension will be allowed to foreign and Colonial claimants) of a sufficient portion of the cover to identify the date and number, pay the sum of ONE GUINEA in return for his using his best endeavour for one week to increase our circulation. Before the money is paid we require a full report of all the work done.

The following have sent in correct claims:—

CHARLES EWEN, 11, Millbank Lane, Aberdeen. June 24th 598,527.

JOSEPH DORRIAN, 166, Salisbury Road, Oakfield Road, Anfield. June 24th. 817,423.

ROBERT SWANNEY, 30, Hawthorne Vale, North Leith, Scotland. June 24th. 168,583.

G. W. LAWRENCE, 6, Grimthorpe Terrace, Headingley, Leeds. July 1st. A055,620

HENRY CHILDS, 6, Ancoats Grove North, Manchester. June 24th. 337,031.

ELEANOR SEWELL, 61, Jermyn Street, St. James's. July 1st. A080,528.

E. GIBBS, 44, Oxford Road, Kilburn, N.W. July 1st. 874,130.

The following are the fifty numbers for our issue of July 22nd:—

052,621	280,754	603,507	853,841	A156,459
055,226	305,239	642,684	893,112	A177,654
076,832	246,481	668,573	927,161	A182,276
112,729	371,963	687,436	960,263	A239,093
129,345	387,385	711,325	988,537	A270,127
140,000	416,218	732,985	A023,583	A288,873
183,258	429,252	755,260	A058,004	A314,254
229,567	475,028	769,784	A076,297	A337,838
258,924	523,837	794,368	A109,576	A366,274
274,358	552,468	830,040	A138,833	A397,230

The A prefixed to a drawn number indicates it is plus a million

The Fifty numbers in respect of this week will be announced in our next issue (published August 2nd).

NATIONAL UNION COVENANT.

Objects: 1. To shorten the war by receiving a direct war-mandate of the people at the back of the Government and Army, and so compel the Germans to a full realisation of our unity and national determination.
This Parliament to rest upon the votes of every available man and woman of the age of 21 years and up.

2. To state clearly and in black and white the terms of international settlement the British people consider just and impartial.

3. Pending acceptance of the British terms, the stern prosecution of the war by placing one skilled head in sole executive charge of each section of the war organisation—*e.g.*, Navy, Army, Air, Munitions, Food Supply, Transport, Blockade, Press, etc.—a War Directorate with one Director-in-Chief, all responsible to the House of Commons, and a national self-denying ordinance in drink.

Office: It has been found necessary to open office at Norwich House, Southampton Street, London, W.C.

Finance: To cover office expenses and to test the sincerity of correspondents a membership fee seems desirable of 1s. for each member's card. Additional voluntary financial assistance will not be refused. The resulting money will be strictly audited, and will not be spent except on the decision of the members. Each member to have one vote.

I ask you as an individual to join this movement yourself, to interest others in it, to secure their membership, and not to fear to do your duty in helping to prevent any further waste of time.

WIN HOME THE LIVES OF OUR LADS IN THE TRENCHES.

Acting Secretary: Dr. ARTHUR TURNBULL.
Address: NORWICH HOUSE, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.

FORM OF MEMBERSHIP.

"I hereby fearlessly declare, by signature, for the establishment of a New Parliament of the British People to support the firm and speedy determination of the war to a definite and successful issue."

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

I enclose Postal Order for ONE SHILLING for Membership Card.

J.B. 29-7-16.

Strength for the Weak

THE reliability of Hall's Wine as a tonic in all cases of lowered vitality has never been more clearly marked than during the war.

Again and again has Hall's Wine worked the most definite benefit in cases of nerve-shock, weakness from loss of blood, protracted strain, or operation, and retarded convalescence.

It has also afforded a necessary measure of strength to thousands meeting civil strain at home.

A doctor says:—"It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

Hall's Wine

The Supreme Restorative.

Buy a bottle to-day. If, after taking half of it, you feel no real benefit, return to us the half-empty bottle and we will refund outlay.

Large size bottle 3/6, of Wine Merchants, &c.

STEPHEN SMITH & CO., LTD
BOW, LONDON

695

Tennent's Lager

THERE can be but one best Lager and that, as is generally recognised, is Tennent's. Tennent's Lager is brought to full ripe maturity by natural methods, and nothing can surpass the zestful exhilaration it provides.

It is entirely British, and every bottle consumed provides, by means of taxation, money for the successful prosecution of the war.

TENNENT'S LAGER BEER

Beer at its Best.

We don't care how much we carry on our backs so long as we've got some BLACK CAT extra large cigarettes to smoke.

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20 for 8d EXTRA LARGE 50 for 1/6

Mild Virginia CIGARETTES

10 for 4d

46B

Don't miss our Advertisement Guarantee on page 17.

PEEPS AT THE GREAT.

BY THE WATCHFUL WINDOW-CLEANER.

THE HOME SECRETARY.

'Ello, mate! Ain't seen yer fur donkey's yers. 'Ow's things? Wot's the good o' grousin'? You ain't the on'y one wot's got their little worries. Wot price me? Up at five o'clock ev'ry mornin' . . . If that ain't enuff—gittin' up wiv the bloomin' sparrers—I've gotter boss wot ud make a hangel moult wiv vexation. Soon as I gits rahnd at seven o'clock 'e starts me orf on a job. An' rotten jobs they aw, some of 'em. Yus, I know I gits some fun outer it sometimes, but I reckon I'm intitled to, riskin' me bloomin' bushel an' peck up blinkin' ladders day arfter day. But I did'n 'ave 'arf a larf yes'd'y mornin'. "Bung orf rahnd to 'Erbert Samuel's," ses the boss soon as I gets rahnd. "'Erbert Samuel," I ses, "'Oo the 'ell is 'e?" "Never mind 'oo 'e is," ses the boss, "you git rahnd an' clean 'is ruddy winders. An' do it smart. 'E's the 'Ome Secretary, an' as like as not 'e'll give you a stretch if you don't do 'em proper." So I bungs me ladders on the barrer an' bungs orf. W'en I gits rahnd I pitches on a front first-floor winder, the back dore bein' bolted. W'en I gits up I finds, as I 'arf expected, it was a bedroom. The blind was up an' the curtins shoved back, an' I see a bloke lyin' in bed. A dark chap, 'e wos, wiv a dark merstarsh, an' 'e laid grinnin' to 'isself like wot 'Enery Irvin' use ter do w'en 'e hacted Mefferstophles. 'E didn't notice me, an' didn't know I could 'ear 'im, but I 'eard ev'ry word 'e sed. "I reckon they won't shove any more blighted motions like that on ter me," 'e ses. "Fancy formin' a Select Committee to consider w'ether we should 'ave a General Election w'ile the wore is on or not! But I reckon I queered it. No wonder one of the Liberal members arsked w'ether I wos intitled to speak against a motion I wos proposin'. *Corse* we must 'ave a General Election before the end of the wore." "Corse we must," I ses. I never see a chap jump like 'im before. The bloomin' bedclothes nearly touched the ceilin'. "Did jew 'ear wot I wos a-sayin'?" 'e arsks, gittin' outer bed. "I did that," I ses. "I shouldn't 'ave spoke if I 'adn't." "An' wotter *you* know erbout' it?" 'e ses. "Well," I ses, "I knows this much—I've gotter vote meself, an' I wanter use it before 'Alldane an' orl 'is bloomin' crew of peace 'umbugs do the dirty on us by givin' Germany the terms wot they'd like to." "I quite agree with you," 'e ses, "but I 'ad to do wot the Prime Minister arsked me." "You did it very well," I ses; "I read 'ow you put the kybosh on the bloomin' motion w'ile you wos proposin' it. If you ain't careful the Prime Minister'll put the kybosh on *you* fur doin' of it," I ses. "'E wont do that," 'e ses, larfing; "I knows too much fur 'im. 'E may be a Yorkshire tyke, but I'm a Jew." "That does it," I ses. "'E won't quarrel wiv a bloomin' buddin' Disraeli, I reckon." 'E gives a larf, grabs a barf towel, an' goes outer the room.

TALKS WITH NOTORIOUS HUNS.

BY OUR DISTINGUISHED NEUTRAL.

VON FALKENHEIM.

I found the Kaiser's Minister for War in a state of profuse perspiration.

"I you but one moment can spare," he said. "I busy am."

"So I should imagine," I replied. "There seems to be some sort of a war going on in Europe. When is it likely to finish?"

"By rights it finished now is," he shouted. "We all our enemies beaten have, but they will not it admit."

"When were the British beaten?" I asked with interest. "This is news to me."

"We drove their contemptible little Army back in Belgium in 1914," shouted the infuriated Hun, "and our Imperial Navy their fleet beaten lately has."

"Oh!" I said, "Where?"

"In the German Ocean," snapped Falkenheim.

"German Ocean?" I repeated, wonderingly. "Wherever is that?"

"It is the sea that Germany from England (*strafe* it!) divides," roared the blustering Boche.

"You mean the North Sea," I said. "At present all the ocean you Germans are justified in claiming as your own is the few drops contained in the Kiel Canal."

"You lie!" screamed the enraged barbarian. "The fleet of the All Highest a glorious victory over the British gained off the Horn Reef and——"

"Ran away to take the good news home," I interposed.

"Yes—er—no, no!" yelled Falkenheim.

"You mean it did *not* take the good news homo?" I asked.

"Ass!" screamed the Hun. "There was no——"

"Good news to take home," I concluded, suavely. "Do you know," I continued, while my victim, speechless with rage, was gasping for air, "that the British at some time or other, have fought and beaten practically every one of the belligerents engaged in the present war? She fought and beat the French (God bless 'em!) in Napoleon's time. She got the better of the Russians in days gone by. They——"

"They never beat the Germans," snapped Falkenheim.

"Perhaps not," I replied. "They have never had the chance before. But they are doing it now."

"But we have already beaten *them*!" coughed the War Minister, "But they do not fight fair. Their armies grow bigger and bigger. They forget that they were beaten already."

"I'll guarantee *you* won't forget it in a hurry when the British have got *you* properly whacked," I assured him, genially.

"Remove this person," ordered the unhappy Hun.

"Thumbs up!" I said, suiting the action to the word.

And then departed.

MAKES WEAK PEOPLE STRONG, AND INCREASES WEIGHT, OR MONEY BACK.

CHEMIST'S REMARKABLE OFFER.

That Bitro-phosphate is an unequalled and positive cure for sleeplessness and nerve troubles is now universaliy admitted by chemists and medical men. Further proof of its wonderful value as a nerve food is found in the recently published report of an eminent specialist, who states that the outstanding feature of the thousands of cases investigated was that, in nearly every instance, in addition to complete restoration of nervous vitality and mental vigour, the patients reported a remarkable increase in physical strength and endurance, and an increase of from one to three pounds a week in sound, healthy flesh. In view of the conclusive proof of these unusual merits, a leading British chemist has arranged to put up pure Bitro-phosphate in packages of 5-grain tablets; giving with each package a binding guarantee to return the money to anyone who, after regularly taking a 5-grain tablet with each meal as directed, is not satisfied with the results. Sufferers from nervousness, insomnia, nerve weakness, thinness, and lack of strength are therefore strongly advised to at once begin the use of Bitro-phosphate, the nerve food and flesh-builder that is sold by all chemists under a binding guarantee of satisfaction or money back.—ADVT.

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[illegible] poison and impoverish the **blood** and cause disease. **TUMOURS, ABSCESSES, ULCERS, TUBERCULOSIS,** and **INTERNAL GROWTHS** do not attack suddenly. Their forerunners, DEPRESSION, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, SLEEPLESSNESS, warn you that disease has pierced the defences of health, and will enslave the body unless you destroy the disease.

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We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcements appear in JOHN BULL, *i.e.*, we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment; and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns, we will personally refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase.

NEW ZEALAND OFFICER.

"Heigh-ho, what a funny life! Whoever would have thought back two years ago when I was stock-raising in the North Island and wondering when the blessed rain would come and give the sheep some green grass to nibble at; whoever would have thought that I should now be in London Town with an 'Army Club' Cigarette in my mouth? There's one thing, it's a Cigarette worth smoking, and if you do sometimes think of home when you're puffing away, well . . . it shows you're contented anyhow."

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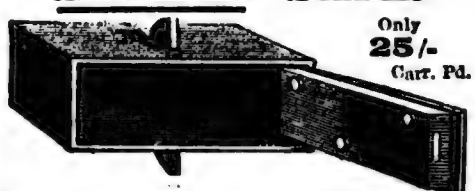

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Same size as a brick—fits invisibly into any of your walls—will keep your money, private papers, jewellery and other valuables, far safer than a drawer, box, or ordinary safe. The size of an ordinary brick, it can be let into any wall in any hidden position (as behind door, picture, furniture, etc.), giving absolute security. It has best hardened steel door, with good six-lever lock (no two locks alike), and has secret device making keyhole practically invisible. Quite easy to fit it in by yourself, or a bricklayer will do it in an hour. The Ideal Safe for homes, hotels, apartment houses, vestries, shops, etc. Made in two sizes: 9 ins. wide, **25s.**; 13 ins. wide, **30s.** Sent carr. pd. on receipt of cash. Money back if dissatisfied & safe returned in good condition within 10 days, carriage paid. Special cement for fixing one safe 1s. extra. Customer writes: "Am pleased with safe; key plug arrangement is very ingenious." Order to-day, before you suffer loss, or send for full particulars to sole makers—

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Powder, 6d. a tin; Cream, 1/- a tube. All Chemists, or Christy's, Old Swan Lane, E.C.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

IMMEDIATE HELP FOR DEPENDENTS OF OUR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS

The object of our present Fund is to afford immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors now fighting for their country, and who, owing to invidious inquiries and red-tape officialism, are stranded for want of money. We do not trouble ourselves about marriage or birth certificates, or clergymen's references, or anything of that kind; but whenever we find the dependent of a soldier or sailor in distress and unable to procure assistance from official funds, we at once do what is in our power—giving anything from 10s. to £5, according to the circumstances of each case. We also, in exceptional instances, make grants to civilians suffering from the effects of the war. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses. We give below a synopsis of a few typical cases relieved during the past week.

We cannot understand why so many local secretaries of the big funds send their turned-down applicants to us. This happens almost daily, although these cases are in almost every instance of a distressing character. Of course the big funds subscribed to by the public have their cast-iron rules; our fund does not suffer from this complaint, but we naturally safeguard the money entrusted to us. If the rules of the huge funds were revised, and if the money were wisely and humanely dealt with, much of the pressure upon us would be relieved.

Measles, whooping-cough, pneumonia and death. These are the sad subjects of a large number of the letters of application directed to us weekly. How the poor live and how they die are problems only too well known to us. Were we to mention all the cases with which we have dealt it would be a sad and monotonous tale.

A lady found a man singing in the street; he wore on the lapel of his coat a regimental badge. Full of pity, she questioned him—and found that he was one of the many men discharged unfit for work and with no means of subsistence. His benefactress sent him to us with a letter, and we helped.

A young Bluejacket came to us in distress. Some months ago he was invalided out of the Service with temporary pension. He was, however, recently called back for a further medical survey, and turned away without a penny in his pocket. He has a wife and two children, and had to make a long journey to his home. We took the case in hand at once, for "we all love Jack," and have a specially warm corner in our heart for the jolly fellows who are so kind to our fund.

"Thank God, my children now have something to eat—and thanks to you." This is a sentence from a letter from a soldier's widow, who, with her three children, was in a state of starvation until she appealed for our assistance. She has no pension and no prospects, being unable to work.

We recently expressed the belief that an extra strain would be thrown upon our fund on account of more and more men being invalided from the Home Service, due particularly to the cursory character of the examination of recruits. Hosts of men who should not be looked at are called up, and break down in the Service. They are discharged to civil life, having caused the State expense, and the majority of them are temporarily—and a considerable number permanently—unfitted to earn their living. Among them are numerous poor fellows with families. Day by day our list of applications increases, but we do the best we can.

The wife of a soldier is dying of consumption. Her husband in France will probably never see her alive again. He is an old soldier, who has seen several campaigns. We took the necessary steps to ease the poor woman's last days.

During the past week we sent relief to the widows of two soldiers, both of whom had been accidentally killed, being drowned while bathing. In such cases the Government make no allowance, so we came to the rescue. The War Pensions Statutory Committee will in future take charge of such cases.

WAR RELIEF FUND SUBSCRIPTIONS.

WON'T *You* HELP?

"Freda and Pat," 5s.; E. G. R., 10s.; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. E., 21s.; "Florence Elizabeth," 2s. 6d.; Weekly Collection, C. P. S. (Woolwich Arsenal), 6s. 9d.; H. A. H., 2s.; "Contents of 'Swear Box,' 3/3 M. T. Co., A.S.C." (per A. B.), 10s.; W. N. H., 10d.; A. W., 5s.; E. F., 1s.; A. McC., 1s.; Mrs. E. P. H., 1s. 3d.; "Puzzled Tommy," 1s.; "Rob Roy," 1s. 6d.; "Little Brown Mouse," 3s.; W. A., 1s.; M. C., 6d.; N. W. (Langangte), £1; "Graham," 1s.; "Kat's Eye," 1s.; "Five per Cent.," 1s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; H. B., 1s.; A. C., 1s.; Mrs. S. T., 1s.; J. C. V., 1s.; E. D., 5s.; L. P. S., 1s. 6d.; J. R., 1s.; A. B., 6d.; "An English Rose," 1s.; A. M., 5s.; "Scotia," 1s.; "A Soldier's Wife," 2s.; "Shaykyt," 10s.; E. T. (Cowes), 1s.; Mrs. J. M. W., 1s.; J. B. (Alexandria), 1s.; C. W. B., 1s.; "Scot," 1s.; I. C. (Karachi), £1; J. J., 2s. 6d.; "A Biscuit from the R.N.A.S. for the Puppy Dog," 2s. 6d.; T. P., 7s. 6d.; D. Z., 3s.; "Nicque," 4s.; M. H., 6d.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; C. H. L., 7s. 7d.; "A Hertfordshire Girl," 2s. 6d.; J. C., 2s. 6d.; A. W. H. P., 5 dollars; "Working Girl," 3s.; "Marchwood," 2s.; A. E. W., 2s.; Sergeants' Mess, 2-4th Border Regt., Peshawar, £2; M. S., 2s.; "S.," 1s.; E. W. T., 5s.; P. H., 5s.; M. F., 2s.; "Hamish Tait" (Penicuik), 5s.; "One of the First," 1s.; Anon., 6d.; "Thankful," 5s.; C. B. (Sydenham), £1; "Father of Four," 2s.; "34185's Girl," 1s.; "A Lonely Widow," 1s.; K. P., 2s.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; H. P. S., 6d.; W. R. (Toronto), 4s.

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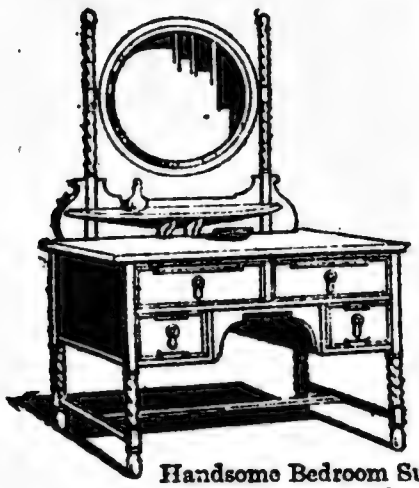

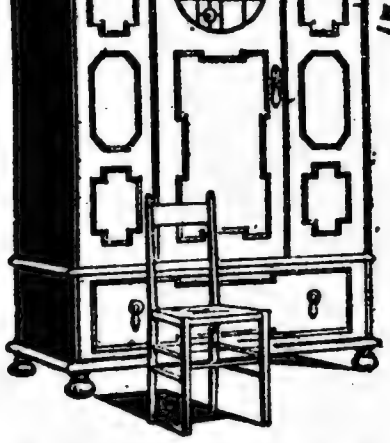

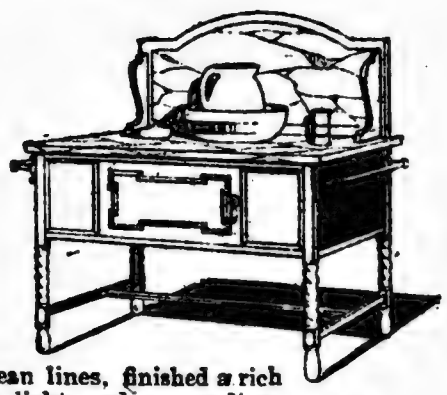

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TOMMY'S TROUBLES.

A WEEKLY TRIBUNE OF THE TRENCHES AND THE CAMP.

Where Cripples may be Found.

At the Isle of Sheppey, if a visit is paid to that delectable neighbourhood, can be found a small army of men, many of whom are suffering from severe ailments. Perhaps as a punishment for having become cripples, they have to undergo long marches, perform physical drill, etc., although some of them are suffering great pain. If a man gives way he has a mile and a half to walk to see the doctor, and there are complaints that the language used to them by their healthy "superiors" would make a Billingsgate porter of the old school blush.

A Lunatic at Large.

When a man turns "looney" in a regiment and is sent to an asylum, the authorities refuse to pay cab fare; therefore, the unfortunate lunatic and his escort must walk. The other day, one poor fellow was sent from Netley Hospital to Menston Asylum, near Leeds. Arriving at the railway station about 10 p.m., there was a walk of a mile, in the course of which the escort left his charge to inquire the way. The lunatic bolted, and the usual man-hunt ensued. It was not an edifying spectacle, and the inhabitants of the locality made remarks which which we heartily concur.

Billy's Last Duty.

The fellows of the R.A.M.C., at the White City Barracks, Bristol, had a billy-goat that was a great pet. Billy followed the orderlies about and acted the part of Mary's lamb generally. The gunners of a neighbouring battery, suffering from the common military complaint of hunger, had their eyes on the goat. Seizing his opportunity, one of the artillerymen applied his knife to the neck of the mascot, and the battery had a good meal. It was lucky for the gunners that they left for France the next day. There is not much in the story, but it suggests that farmers in some localities would do well to imitate Argus in their slumbers, always keeping an eye upon their lambs.

Dropping the Pilots.

Exit Mr. Tennant; enter his successor. Lord Derby has a long row to hoe. We earnestly advise him to look into the grievance of the splendid officers who, after rendering yeoman service to the State in past campaigns, came to us in our present trouble, and are being passed out on the secret reports of jealous Commanders possessed of only an elementary knowledge of the art of war. The recommendation for the sack is sent to the Brigadier-General, who in nine cases out of ten takes the line of least resistance and passes on the recommendation to higher authorities, with the result that the career of many a brilliant officer has been ruined. We regret to say that the hopes we had entertained of Mr. Tennant remedying matters were not realised, but we have good reason for expecting better things of Lord Derby. The passing out on the reports of jealous Colonels of "made" officers who know more than their Commanders will ever know about the art of war stands out prominently among the many disgraceful scandals of the present day.

Suffering Canucks.

Our cousins from Canada who are located in the Sunnyside Hospital, Manchester, have sent us an earnest appeal. They say that they landed in England last month in a penniless condition. They tell us they are still "broke," and that the match tax does not worry them as they cannot obtain cigarettes, whilst they are without the necessary postage stamps to write to their friends at home. It is up to the Canadian Military authorities in London to look into the complaint.

Fleecing the Fighting Men.

We often wondered why the soldier on leave has to come to the JOHN BULL office to "chance his arm," with the object of obtaining financial assistance. We have come to the bottom of the mystery. Local railway lines around London are infested by card-sharpers, who lie in wait for poor Tommy and relieve him of his money. We could mention a number of routes which are infested by those pests, but if the proper authorities wish to abolish the evil we suggest that they should make a start with the line between London and Redhill. Perhaps Lord Athlumney will take the hint.

Poor Tommy!

The other day the Munitions Department called for two hundred men for work in the Midlands, a condition being that applicants must belong to groups 42 to 46—that is to say, the department called for civilians liable to be brought up for military service. What about our discharged soldiers who are fit to do the work? Hosts of Tommies visit us with the complaint that, whereas they are capable of undertaking civilian employment, they cannot obtain it. The Munitions Department and the numerous other Government offices concerned have made a most unholy mess of things.

Those Civil Liabilities.

We have commented upon the new scheme concerning civil liabilities and suggested that it was but one of the many red-herring trails resorted to for the purpose of bamboozling the public. Evidence of the rottenness of the whole thing is multiplying. To give an instance, in one centre the Committee are called upon by many women who pay railway fares and present cases which the outsider would say come well within the scope of the scheme. They go home, and in about a month receive a notice stating that nothing is doing. One man who applied to the same centre was informed last month that £22 a year had been granted to him. On July 7th, he received a further notice stating that his claim had been disallowed!

A Dirty Hun.

Recently about 400 German prisoners, including seven officers, were landed at Southampton Docks. When the officers were descending the gangway, one of them deliberately spat in the face of a guard. Being a Briton as well as a soldier, the man naturally split the nose of the scoundrel with a blow from his fist. We regret to know that the British soldier is now "doing cells" for teaching the savage that he was not in Prussia. Had that officer been one of ours and a prisoner in Germany, he would probably have been shot.

MISSING MEN.

We would welcome news of the following:—

Pte. S. Drummond, 17695, C Co., 8th K.O.S.B.; Pte. K. J. Worthington, 1647, 3rd Mons. Rgt.; L.-Cpl. J. P. Mitchell, 7936, 2nd Black Watch, I.E.F.; Pte. W. H. Barker, 33364, D Battery, R.F.A., 34th Div., 175th Brigade; Rfn. H. Hubbard (The Rangers), London Rifle Brigade; Sgt. L. Stretton, 2535, C Co., 1-6th North Staffs; Second-Lieut. E. Jackson, 15th Lancs. Fusiliers; Pte. A. Hurley, 350, B Co., 10th Lincolns; Pte. F. G. Foreman, 2nd Batt., Oxford and Bucks L.I.; Pte. R. Valmond, 23361, 9th Worcesters; Pte. E. W. Kearse, 19679, 5th Royal Berks.

THE PROVED BEST FOR STOMACH ACID

Best in every way because it renders dieting and drug taking quite unnecessary and yet gives quicker and far better results than either of these methods of treating digestive or stomach trouble.

You partake freely of the foods you fancy, then, having eaten and enjoyed the meal, you take half a teaspoonful of the Bisurated Magnesia in a little warm or cold water.

This neutralises the harmful acid in your stomach and positively prevents food fermentation and consequent distress. The food contents of the stomach remain bland and sweet until perfectly digested.

Sooner or later you will try this modern method of treatment because it really is the best, so why not commence to-day? But be sure you get the pure

Bisurated Magnesia

as other forms, such as the oxides, citrates, acetates, as well as the bismuth and magnesia mixtures so often offered are totally different products. Bisurated Magnesia is specially prepared for neutralising dangerous stomach acids and is extensively used in leading hospitals.

OBTAINABLE FROM:

Boot's Cash Chemist, Taylor's Drug Co. Ltd., Timothy White & Co., Henry Hodder & Co., Ltd., Lewis & Burrows, Parke's Drug Stores, and other high-class chemists everywhere.

Prices 1/9 and 2/9 per bottle.

Britain builds the best ships in the World.

Britain makes the best textiles in the World.

Britain brews the best Lager in the World—

ALLSOPP'S

"John Bull's" Letter Bag.

[The EDITOR replies to, and has a chat with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Will readers, when forwarding cuttings from newspapers, take care that in each case a sufficient portion is sent to identify the name of the paper and the date of issue?

CORRESPONDENTS ARE REQUESTED NOT TO SEND ORIGINAL CERTIFICATES, TESTIMONIALS, ETC., as, though every effort is made for their safe custody, they are liable to be mislaid. Copies only of such documents should be forwarded in the first instance.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor or the Publishers, according to whether they relate to Editorial or Publishing matters. FINANCIAL, INSURANCE, LEGAL and SPORTING inquiries should be addressed to the Financial, Insurance, Legal or Sporting Editor, and, except in the case of the last-named, must each be accompanied by a postal order for a shilling. All communications should be directed to 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.

"SAPPER."—Yes, the Editor has been in France since the war started—and hopes to be there again before long.

"A TRUE RUSSIAN" (Blyth).—Read us regularly, and you will find we have always stuck up for wonderful Russia even when others thought her done with. Russia is Great!

MRS. M. A. Y. (Aberdeen).—Our cartoon of the Kaiser and the Lion "is such a good thing that you have got it in a frame." You are "75, and never saw anything so good in your life." Bless you, mother, for a cheery old soul!

H. B. (Leeds).—Who told you that "Masterman has lost his shop as Government Whitewasher, and that Mr. Justice Bailhache has got the job"?

W. G. W. (Derby).—You are too critical. When we said "Peace will be sudden," we meant that the cessation of hostilities would come suddenly. There will, of course, be an armistice during which the terms of the peace treaty will be settled.

"SCOTTISH CIRL."—We will consider the suggestion to publish a book of our War Cartoons. But paper is very dear just now.

"WOUNDED AT SUVLA" (Bradford).—Because of your *nom-de-plume*, we do not mind you reproving us for being optimistic. But we refuse to be downhearted. Cheer-o!

"CURIOUS" (Govan).—We have most of Mr. Churchill's pre-war speeches before us, but do not recollect that he was ever a "little Navyite."

W. P. (Uphall).—It's a common dodge now to print other words over the "Made in Germany" inscription on postcards. But we didn't think Edinburgh would sink so low.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."—Lord Crewe's admission that an invasion is not impossible is a strong argument for the internment of all alien enemies.

"SISTER" (Reading).—"If a corpse is carried over a path, does the path immediately become a right of way?" No, that old notion is exploded. Otherwise some public benefactor would leave instructions for his remains to be carried through Burlington Arcade.

"COTNEY" (Sutton-in-Ashfield).—The composition of a firing party to execute a traitor or spy is left to the discretion of the Commanding Officer. You never know how many will shoot you till you are up against the wall, and then the point somehow doesn't interest you much.

"A LOYAL IRISHWOMAN" and OTHERS.—The gold braid badge for wounded men will have to be extended to other sufferers invalided out through shell-shock, trench feet, and so on. Otherwise it would act unfairly.

"AN OLD GUNMAKER."—"Dutchmen, at Erith, working on munitions, are guaranteed £5 per week and lodging expenses for spoiling work." No wonder there is great discontent.

"AN OLD CONDUCTOR."—We sympathise with you when you feel like "landing one" on a tram-driver who says things derogatory to the nation. But a family man like you must not get into trouble. If the man's words are really dangerous, couldn't you find some decent passenger to take a note and report him?

R. O. (North Shields).—Lots of silly females are about with that petition for total prohibition. The fact that a woman asked you, a boy, to sign in your parents' absence, proves the thing a scandal. Good boy to refer her to pa; we note you "do hope he isn't nasty with her"!

M. and A. S. (Saltcoats).—We share your horror of "sexless windbags" and "the braying of old maids." In regard to the birth-rate, however, "England expects—"

C. C. W. (London).—"Supposing a wealthy German firm contributed largely to Party funds on condition that its German interests (if any) should not be interfered with, would that be the Hidden Hand?" It would be a hand in the game, anyway.

"FOUR SKILLED MECHANICS."—Surprised to hear you cannot get jobs at Woolwich or Enfield, and note you would willingly work on Bank Holiday if you had any to do. Something wrong somewhere when skilled labour goes begging.

"ONE OF YOUR FRIENDS."—At Twickenham 3,000 shells uncalled for, Government orders to turn out only 500 a week, yet no Bank Holiday and double amount of shells wanted!" Your facts do not tally with official version, do they?

M. A. P. (Birmingham).—"I was talking to a spiritualist, and he said he knows Mr. Lloyd George personally. It is circle squatting I despise." So do we; the man who squats in a circle is not standing on the square.

J. J. R. W. (South Norwood).—Glad you were able to get a move on Reginald in the matter of the American meat firms; but you could scarcely expect the Chancellor of the Exchequer publicly to acknowledge the source of his most brilliant fiscal inspirations.

A. V. D. (S. Shields).—Quite impossible for us to give particulars of any "secret" treaties with our Allies beyond what has been stated in Parliament.

"CONSTANT READER" (Kettering).—Burn the petition for total prohibition; it insults every man who is not a tea-swiller. Fancy daring to tell Tommy he mustn't have a pint till six months after peace!

G. F. (Nelson).—Why inflict us with the "dirty, pro-German journals" that were pushed under your shop-door? A fitter destination would have been the common sewer.

A. P. (Southminster).—When a man before the Tribunal said that his wife could not do his business because it meant cycling 15 to 20 miles daily, a reverend gentleman remarked, "Let her walk; it will do her good." He ought to be made to run.

"ONE WHO KNOWS."—A certain lord has a German maid "who has access to his most private papers and is present during some very confidential conversations." Wonder what he says to her!

"ONE OF YOUR OLDEST READERS."—If you are what you say you are, you must be a giddy old thing to ask us to "start a matrimonial agency for fellow men and women who have no means of getting into touch with each other." You really must excuse us.

"A SAILOR'S MOTHER."—Yes, mother, they were all heroes who went down fighting hard in the Battle of Jutland. And heroines are the mothers and wives who lost their dearest and best, yet murmur not because they died for Britain.

"AN AUSTRALIAN" (King's Cross).—The tax on cinema and theatre tickets is paid by the playgoer, one argument being that, if he does not care to pay extra for his amusement in these days, he can stay away and pay nothing.

M. A. S. (Ontario).—We have already taken Sir Sam Hughes to task for his rash reflections upon the memory of Lord Kitchener. The employment of Germans in the Canadian War Department is a more sinister story.

MRS. A. H. B. (Bristol).—Your husband's claim for exemption seems to have been quite as strong as the others; but in twelve months' time he may be proud and glad to have failed where his fellows succeeded.

J. T. S. (Dublin).—It does not surprise us in the least that the disloyal R.C. Bishop of Limerick should have been severely dealt with by one of his co-religionists. Some of the bravest of the Irish boys at the Front have been devoted sons of the Roman Catholic Church.

"A SYMPATHISER" (Yeovil).—Agreed that it wouldn't have hurt the scholars of Yeovil to contribute their pennies towards a collection for the starving children of Belgium. The refusal of the educational authorities to give permission was a curmudgeonly act.

G. A. W. (Leicester).—We notice that, to demonstrate the value of his new respirator, Sergeant Major Blythe remained for 20 minutes in a cabinet filled with poison-gas. Pity he wasn't accompanied by Measly Mac—without a respirator.

What Readers Say.

199, Underwood Lane, Crewe.
12.6.16.

Sirs,—I would like to thank you most heartily for the "John Bull" Pen to hand. I think they are remarkable value for the extraordinary low price, and I am really surprised that I, and other readers of "John Bull," have not had one long ago.—I beg to remain, yours faithfully,
RICHARD E. GARNETT.

"JOHN BULL" PEN COUPON. Value 1d.

By sending this Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 and loose 2d. stamps for postage, the holder is entitled to receive a John Bull Gold-Nibbed Fountain Pen. Additional Coupons up to 12 from "John Bull," any dates, may be saved and used in part payment, each counting as 1d. off the price. You may send 13 coupons, and P.O. for 1/6 only and loose 2d. stamps for postage. Address Pen Dept., "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. **July 29, 1916.**

N.B.—State whether you prefer a Fine, Medium, or Broad Nib.

E. S. (East Ham).—The London General Omnibus Company have adopted your suggestion of reducing the number of 'bus services. Now we know whom to thank.

"EX-TROOPER" (Greenbank).—"God help us if we cannot depend on you." But; depend upon it, you *can* depend upon us, for the cause of the crippled soldier is very close to our heart and conscience.

A. H. J. (Patricroft).—Judging by their masterly inactivities, the Government don't care a dum how much the public pay for meat, or anything else.

"MILL GIRLS."—So sorry you thought it coarse and vulgar when we said of our office that "it is not the squeezing department." Had we said it *was*, your blushes might have been justified.

"DISGUSTED" (Bishopston) complains that the local Y.M.C.A. keeps a handsomely framed photograph of a party of "heavy jowled, pig-eyed Huns" hanging in its hall.

H. M. (Liverpool).—The theatrical lady you mention, who seeks an "ideal husband" in a newspaper competition, appears to be badly in need of an advertisement.

"READER" (W. Southbourne), a butcher, tells us that, in spite of the higher prices, he is taking much less than 5 per cent. gross profit on his turnover of £200 a week. As we have said, the "rings" are the extortioners.

H. N. (Middlesbro').—From the first announcement of the composition of the Air Inquiry Committee, we knew they would "inquire" in the spirit and with the methods of lawyers.

PRIVATE J. B. (Mullingar).—J. B. you are and J. B. we are—and jolly boys are we both.

E. P. M. (Leeds).—The Ideal Co., of Clevedon, Somerset, who are trying to palm their "simulation gold" rubbish on you, are a firm of trick advertisers with whom it is not desirable to have anything to do.

E. F. C. K. (Walmer).—Thanks. You remind us of the learned counsel who, on the last day of the legal sitting, hoped he was not taking up too much time. "Time," exclaimed his lordship, "you have exhausted time and are now encroaching on eternity."

AGNES (Hanley).—Glad you have chosen a JOHN BULL pen as a birthday present for Daddy, "because he wants one so badly and likes yours so much." We posted it to you by return, in order that it might arrive in good time. Hope that in due course both mother and father may commemorate their golden wedding by receiving a couple of the very special pens we propose to put on the market, as by that time the one mother has had for four years—though quite as good as new now—may be a bit the worse for wear.

C. H. M. (Edinburgh).—"Less gas, and just a wee bit common-sense for one—only one—of your two million readers." Well, perhaps you *do* need it; you know best.

BROOKE, BOND AND CO., LTD., tell us (in reference to our remark that a ¼lb. of their tea included four wrappers and a piece of cardboard) that all their tea is packed by machinery. If the machine accidentally uses too many wrappers or cards, the packet still contains the correct quantity of tea, as it is weighed separately and automatically.

F. W. (Willesden).—"How long has Germany had a naval air service?" They keep that kind of thing so private that it is difficult to say.

B. R. (West Croydon).—Your poem begins: "We are going to win the war, I told you so before," and ends, "When we've fixed them fair and square, Put a bomb beneath them and blow them in the air." You say it is "original," and we are sure you did not copy it from any other great poet.

"FAIRPLAY" (Hammersmith).—Clerks and storekeepers at munition works get "no extra pay for holidays, no overtime, no bonus, no subsistence allowance, no nothing"! What does your Union say about it?

G. C. (Bournemouth).—A curate is forbid'n to enlist without the permission of his Bishop.

BOMB. J. T., D. P. T., and OTHERS.—Sorry to disappoint you lads who have hot arguments about "exact dates," and appeal to us to supply them, but we do not profess to run a reference library, and can print only answers that seem of general interest. 'Scuse us, won't you?

E. C. (Beckenham).—The Rev. Sylvester Horne died in May, 1914, and your statement that he has "instigated" a "stop-the-war" movement is therefore full of romantic interest.

"PRO BONO PUBLICO" (Brentwood).—Having par ed with the *Sunbeam*, Lord Brassey has perhaps been out in the moonbeams. Upon no other hypothesis can we explain his erratic views on the war.

"FATHER OF THREE" (Goodmayes).—Glad to hear your "Bullets" Holiday Prize defrayed the expenses of such a pleasant fortnight.

(A number of replies are unavoidably held over.)

Patriotic & Profitable.

The Government Posters tell you it is *un*patriotic to buy new clothes, so it *must* be *patriotic* to make your present clothes serve by having them cleaned and pressed in the wonderful "Achille Serre Way." And it is *profitable* too, because a few shillings invested in this way will enable you to look as smartly dressed as ever and yet save the expense of buying new. Equally effective for Gentlemen's and Ladies' clothes. Write for handsome Illustrated Booklet containing all particulars, prices, List of Branches, etc.,

Achille Serre Ltd.

Head Office: Hackney Wick, London.

(East 3710—4 lines.)

Branches and Agencies Everywhere.

D100

When buying Dog, Poultry and Cage Bird FOODS —be careful of fancy names.

Some foods you *think* are SPRATT'S are *not* SPRATT'S at all. Always look for the name

SPRATT'S

and the TRADE MARK X

SPRATT'S PATENT, LTD., 24-25, Fenchurch Street, London, E.C. 844

Weakness

TO be weak and ailing and yet not ill enough to be confined to bed is the lot of many who drag themselves wearily through life day after day—they are debilitated.

¶ Debility means poor blood, loss of appetite, weak digestion and shaky nerves—what is needed is a tonic that will brace the system and enrich the blood—Iron 'Jelloids,' which are the best tonic in the world for tired nerves and wearied body.

¶ If you want to be strong and vigorous and to overcome that "don't care if I die" feeling—

¶ *Ask your Chemist for a box of 'Iron Jelloids' to-day.*

¶ Dr. Andrew Wilson wrote:—"When a man or youth feels out-of-sorts and is not so ill as to require medical advice he cannot do better than try Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A."

Reliable Tonic for Men.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' *No. 2A.*
For Anæmia in Women... IRON 'JELLOIDS' *No. 2.*
For Growing Children.... IRON 'JELLOIDS' *No. 1.*

Of all Chemists, price 1/3 and 3/-, or direct from
THE 'JELLOID' CO. (Dept. 341W), 205, CITY RD., LONDON.

Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A

(Pronounced Jell-Lloyds)

TAKE A HOLIDAY

A "BULLETS" HOLIDAY PRIZE WILL PAY YOUR EXPENSES.

2ND Prize £25

FIRST PRIZE £250

3RD. Prize £10

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5

25 PRIZES OF 10/-

1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6

2,000 SPECIAL 'TARGET' PRIZES

2,000 OTHER HANDSOME PRIZES

10 WEEK-END PRIZES OF £2:10/-

Two more Coupons for this week's Competition will be found on the opposite page.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 3rd.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(199) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If one coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 199, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C. Write "COMPETITION" on top left-hand corner of envelope.

No. Closing Date, Thursday, August 3rd.

Example.....

Bullet.....

Example.....

Bullet.....

(199) P.O. No.....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.

Signed.....

Address.....

.....

If two Coupons are used P.O. for 1s. must be sent.

SPECIAL RULE FOR MILITARY AND OTHER COMPETITORS.

In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition **No. 200. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, AUGUST 10th.** Please note that all coupons so used **MUST** be clearly marked with the number **200** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons **MUST** be addressed "Bullets" No. 200, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C. Such coupons must **NOT** contain any of the Thirty Examples for the present week's competition.

Next Week's Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 200.

BRITISH PROGRESS	GENERAL SERVICE	GETTING WARM	GOOD WORK
MAKES KAISER SICK	THE AWKWARD SQUAD	A RISKY BUSINESS	A FINE HOLIDAY
SEASIDE TRIPPERS	WHEN HENPECKED	MY DEAR WIFE	MAKING MUNITIONS
AMONG THE BATHERS	IN A TIGHT CORNER	NOW SHOWING	A WEAK CONSCIENCE
MERRY AND BRIGHT	PRICE OF MILK	AMUSING THE GIRLS	GERMANY'S HARVEST

BULLETS RULES 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness, and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed ____ and Co. .

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be defaced in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

This Week's List of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 199.

A WELCOME ADVANCE
IN THE FIRING LINE
BRITAIN'S NEW ARMY
WINSTON CHURCHILL
THE CLOSE SEASON
BATHING DRESSES
WHEN SILENCE IS GOLDEN
DANGER SIGNAL
ATTRACTS THE GIRLS
OUR CURATE
TROUBLE IN STORE
AFTER DRINKS
GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION
BREAKING UP
TAKING HER PHOTO
MAKING HISTORY
TERRIBLE RECKONING
A WARM RECEPTION
GERMAN INVENTIONS
ON THE TRAMP
VERY SILLY TO
SEASIDE ENGAGEMENT
I WONDER WHY
FATHER'S FAILING
DREADS THE FIRE
WORRYING THE KAISER
TOMMY'S DREAM
WHAT SWEETHEARTS LIKE
NOBODY WANTS
AMUSING THE BABY

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."

First choose any of the thirty examples given above. Then give **TWO, THREE** or **FOUR** words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any **ONE** of the words selected must begin with **ANY** letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet.

These examples will help you:—

Example:—
TROUBLE IN STORE.
Bullet:—
AFTER TOMMY PLAYS TRUANT.

Example:—
WHAT SWEETHEARTS LIKE.
Bullet:—
NOT DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Example:—
GIVES GENERAL SATISFACTION.
Bullet:—
PARLIAMENT RARELY.

Competitors may send in two **BULLETS** on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used, an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent.

Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated August 19th.

This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in "EVERYWOMAN'S," dated July 29th.

RESULT OF 196TH BULLETS COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE of £250 :—

Mr. H. J. DYER,
39, Holliday Road, Erdington, Birmingham.
Example :—IN WRONG PLACE.
Bullet :—"ROPE" ALLOWED MANY ALIENS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £25 :—

Mr. G. F. THOMPSON,
101, Monks Road, Exeter.
Example :—THE UNSEEN HAND.
Bullet :—WORKS "UNTOLD" MISCHIEF.

THIRD PRIZE OF £10 :—

Private T. F. MORRIS, 4521,
B Coy., 2nd Batt. Monmouths, 6 Canvas Camp, Whittington, Oswestry.
Example :—RAW RECRUIT.
Bullet :—AFTER WEARING ARMY SHIRT.

10 HOLIDAY PRIZES OF £5 EACH :—

Mr. P. J. CAMPBELL, 804, High Road, Tottenham, N. :
BRITISH GUNNERS—THEIR "FOOD" ENSURES OURS.
Seaman W. TROTTER, H.M.S. "Cornwallis," c.o. 13, Ann Street, Hulme, Manchester :
IN WRONG PLACE—WOUNDED'S "GOLD" ON ARM.
Mr. J. BAKER, Est. Office, Portman Bdgs., Lisson Gve., N.W. :
THE LION'S SHARE—"QUARTER" WOULD SATISFY HUNS.
Mrs. V. WARD, 7, Harrington Street, Derby :
THE WAR OFFICE—ALWAYS "OUT" FOR BUSINESS.
CONNIE INGRAM, 37, Eastbourne Road, West Ham, E. :
RAW RECRUIT—WISHES HIMSELF RIGHT "BEHIND."
Mr. J. CORNTHWAITE, Booking Office, Mersey Railway, James Street, Liverpool :
PACE THAT KILLS—NOT THE GREEK DEMOBILISATION.
Miss M. E. CHERRY, 30, Rosebery Street, Liverpool :
WHAT THE NEIGHBOURS THINK—MOTHER'S "LAMB" NEEDS SLAUGHTERING.
Mrs. T. P. PAGE, 253, Rothbury Tce., Newcastle-on-Tyne :
THE WAR OFFICE—WORKS "LATE" VERY OFTEN.
Mr. H. J. VOWLER, Relief Clerk D.S.O., G.W.R., Westbury, Wilts :
SUCCESS—ANOTHER SCARCITY IN GERMANY.
Mr. N. CORDINGLEY, 13, Geranium Tce., Holbeck, Leeds :
SUCCESS—THE ONLY "UNCONTROLLED INTOXICANT."

10 WEEK-END PRIZES of £2 10s. EACH :

Mr. F. G. AEDY, L.O.S., Watford, Herts :
THE BIG PUSH—MAKES KAISER'S PROGRAMME "SELL."
Mr. R. E. WILLIAMS, 243, Dalton Road, Barrow-in-Furness :
BRITISH GUNNERS—"REPEAT THE DOSE" DAILY.
Mr. A. PIDGEON, Gibaudierie Street, Peter Port, Guernsey :
THE UNSEEN HAND—USUALLY DRAWS BIGGEST DIVIDENDS.
Mrs. W. HARE, Mount Lodge, The Mount, St. Leonards-on-Sea :
SUCCESS—MANAGER THANKS HIS "STARS."
Mr. P. W. KNIGHT, School House, Alcester, Shaftesbury :
BRITISH GUNNERS—"PERFECT SIGHTS" WHEN WORKING.
Mr. A. W. HIGGS, 61, Wellmeadow Rd., Lewisham, S.E. :
WITHOUT CONSCIENCE—DESIGNER OF RAILWAY POSTERS.
Mr. W. LANCASTER, 138, Reddings Lane, Sparkhill, B'ham :
THE LION'S SHARE—OF SUNSHINE—SEASIDE POSTER.
Mr. C. L. HANCOCK, 4, St. James' Street, Nottingham :
THE BIG PUSH—HUNS' FIRST "ENGLISH LESSON."
Mr. H. J. LEWIS, 70, Priory Street, Carmarthen :
THE UNSEEN HAND—SELDOM BEGGAR'S EXPERIENCE.
Mr. JOHN CROUCHER, 36, Frensham Rd. E., Southsea :
IN WRONG PLACE—DAD'S EYES AT REVUE.

YOU MAY USE THESE EXTRA COUPONS.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, August 3rd.**
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....

(199) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
If three coupons are used P.O. for 1s. 6d. must be sent.

Envelopes should be marked "Bullets" No. 199, "John Bull," 4 Long Acre, London, W.C.

No. **Closing Date, Thursday, August 3rd.**
Example .....
Bullet .....
Example .....
Bullet .....

(199) P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on the opposite page.

Signed .....
Address .....
.....
If four coupons are used P.O. for 2s. must be sent.

COMPLETE LIST OF ALL CASH AND OTHER PRIZE-WINNERS CAN BE SEEN AT THE OFFICES OF "JOHN BULL."

"JOHN BULL'S" GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE

We are giving, *absolutely free of charge, an insurance* against ZEPPELIN OR OTHER AIR RAIDS, BOMBARDMENT, INVASION, RAID, RIOT, CIVIL COMMOTION, CIVIL WAR, REVOLUTION, REBELLION, BLOCKADE—indeed, every war risk to Life, Limb and Home. Anyone can be insured, *irrespective of sex or age*, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person. Remember, the Ordinary fire and accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

Our insurance is simple and comprehensive, and does not bother about any "legal representative" or "next-of-kin." We shall pay the amount of the insurance to the owner of the coupon or to the person nominated thereon, and to no one else. Be sure to fill in a coupon for every member of your family. *The Newsagent's Order Form will keep you permanently insured during such period as this Insurance Scheme and your order to the Newsagent remain in force.* Readers may, however, obtain all the advantages by sending in every week the Registration Coupon—with clause (*a*) struck out, which will be available for seven days after its receipt by us.

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any person (*man, woman or child*) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named, we will, subject to the fulfilment of the few simple conditions set out below, pay the sum of	£200
Should he, or she, in the course of any of these happenings, become permanently totally disabled ...	£100
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

Claims must be received by us within forty-eight hours of the injury, and must be supported by such evidence as may be required by the Editor, whose decision shall be final upon all questions. Not more than one claim, which must be confined to one of the benefits, can be entertained in respect of any one person or home.

We reserve to ourselves the right to limit our total payments to £10,000, and to pay not more than £5,000 in respect of claims from any one raid. Payment will be made subject to the rights which the claimant may have or acquire against any other newspaper or insurance body, we paying a proportionate amount of the total admitted claim.

Our Insurance Scheme applies exclusively to British-born subjects, and those of friendly Powers in the British Isles—*and not to Germans, Hungarians, Austrians, Turks, or Bulgarians, even though "naturalised," nor to members of His Majesty's Forces on Active Service, although the home of the latter, situate outside military or naval premises, may be insured.*

TO AVOID FILLING UP REGISTRATION FORM WEEKLY

You may, if you are a *regular* and *continuous* reader of JOHN BULL—or decide to become one—sign this coupon and hand it to your newsagent, and you will be insured for all the benefits of the Scheme as published in each issue, so long as this order and the scheme remain in force.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENT.

To ..... *Newsagent.*

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed .....

July 29th, 1916.....

NOTE.—Each member of a family desiring to be insured *must* fill up a separate form.

If you make use of this Newsagent's Form you *must* fill in clause (*a*) of the Registration Form which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A halfpenny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, W.C.

This is to notify that I have this day
(*Strike out one of these.*)
July 29th, 1916

(*a*) Placed an order for the *regular* weekly supply of JOHN BULL with .....
Newsagent of.....
.....
and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

—OR—

(*b*) Purchased a copy of JOHN BULL, dated as under, and desire to be insured against war risks for one week from the date of receipt by you of this form.

And in the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death :—

Name of Nominee.....
Address .....
Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address .....
.....

Among the wooden shoon here's a jovial crowd to see,
Enjoying Chairman Juniors beside the Zuyder Zee.

If a smoker of cigarettes, you cannot do better than have Chairman Juniors. In quality of tobacco, care in their making, and in all those properties which make a cigarette enjoyable, they represent the best that is possible at the price. In fact, they are the original Chairman Cigarettes made a little smaller that they may be sold *everywhere* at

3d. for 10.

In Chairman Juniors all the value is in the cigarettes, as there are no coupons or pictures with them. . . And they are made and guaranteed in every particular by

R. J. LEA, Ltd., Manchester.

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